THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

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An Etching from a Sketch by Mr. Marshall.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An untitled rhapsody, with a political sting tacked to its tail, cannot be inserted.

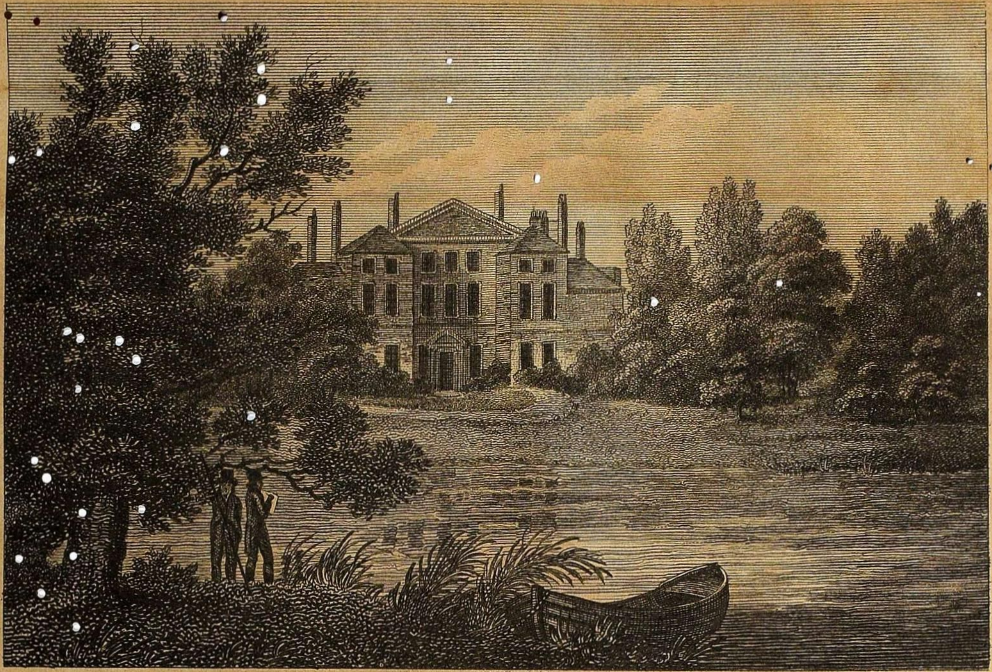
Tom Brown, whose originality is doubted, on the Willow-tree, is also left at the Publisher's for the revisal of the Author.

J. M. is informed that the Ghost of My Grandmother's Shirt is unintelligible, and inadmissible of course.

J. M. L. is advised to attend to what is hinted to J. M.—The *compound* appearance of this *simple* character is too flimsy to escape being seen *through* very clearly.

Several poetical favours, that have the merit of being pretty, dated Kingsland, appear in the present number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



C. Tomson of Nott.m del.

Quorndon Hall, Leicestershire.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

VIEW OF QUORNDON-HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

An Engraving.

QUORNDON-HALL, Leicestershire, till lately the hunting-seat of Hugo Meynell, Esq. that prince of fox-hunters, who purchased it about fifty years since, of Laurence Earl Ferrers. Quorndon-hall is neither very large nor magnificent; it is built in a plain neat style, retaining, apparently, every convenience for a family residence. Within it is enriched, as may be expected, with some good paintings of horses. Mr. Meynell is a descendant of an ancient family in Derbyshire, and who, in the early part of his life, had a seat in the British senate; but he returned thence to gratify a mind formed by nature for very different pursuits—the sports of the field. Even at an advanced period of life, when men generally feel their passions for favourite amusements upon the decline, he is equally anxious and animating to all around him. Who can view him following the staunch pack, and not be sensible of the justness of this remark? The chorus of the hounds and horn, and the sweet echo, to him are pleasures far beyond those of the tinkling cymbal, or the voice of the lute. In the year 1791, Mr. Meynell gave a splendid treat to some of the first nobility in the kingdom, at Quorndon hall. On the first day of hunting, his noble visitors attended him to cover near Stanford in Nottinghamshire, where there was an assembly of about 300 horsemen, and ladies in carriages; among whom were the Duchess of Rutland, Marchioness of Salisbury, Countess of Essex, Countess Talbot, Countess of Sefton; the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earls of Essex, Talbot, Stair, and Winchelsea; the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, and Grafton; and besides many more visitors of distinction. These noble visitors were his guests at Quorndon-hall for about ten days. London every day poured forth her abundance to enrich his tables with the choicest viands and fruits; and the neighbourhood of Quorndon afforded peace and pleasure to the brilliant circle of his friends.

The hunting-stable at Quorndon-hall is said to be 290 feet long,

which has a noble appearance at night, being lighted up with an immense number of patent lamps, which gives it the appearance of a street in London. These stables are filled with the finest horses in the kingdom. The kennels are large and spacious, and contain a sufficient number of hounds to hunt four or five days every week. During the hunting season, Quorndon, and the towns near, are filled with gentlemen sportsmen.

Quorndon-hall, with the hounds, &c, has been lately sold to the Earl of Sefton, who now resides there. All the gentlemen belonging to this hunt wear a scarlet uniform. Small houses in Quorndon have been let to noblemen and gentlemen at the rent of L.200 per ann.

N. B. The water, in the print, running before the house, is the river Soar.

BERKELEY FOX-HOUNDS.

THE almost unprecedented variations in the weather, during what is generally considered the very best part of the hunting season, has so deranged our usual regularity in the recital, that we are under the necessity of deviating, in some small degree, from the correct rotational order in which they were originally intended. To this may be attributed the procrastination of the following, which should of course have made its earlier appearance. On Saturday the 5th ult. these hounds took the field --availing themselves of the temporary thaw between the frosts—threw off at Ryslip, after a short but exhilirating *drag*, and speedily unkennelled in the park wood. The fox made two trifling turns; but the hounds working close up to him, he broke covert with the most undaunted fortitude, crossed the common for the copse, in which he made three rings; then returned to the park wood, where he did the same; but finding the hounds pressing closely upon him, he took the alarm, and instantly broke away; re-crossed the common, and reaching the covert, went through it in a direct line, without a turn or check: breaking on the opposite side without interruption, he crossed the chain of inclosures to Batcher-heath coverts, from thence to Moor-park, passed through and over the intervening country to Grimstones. Adhering to the coverts, he proceeded to Pinner-hill, where he made a direct double, and returned nearly in the direction he entered; made for Sandy Lodge and Moor Park. Here, having gained somewhat upon the pack, he seemed to have acquired a renovation of spirit, and crossed Batcher heath, through the coverts, for Mr. Ross's small woods, where he crossed the ice on the canal, and passed over the floating meadows to Money-hill; but being accidentally unluckily *headed*, he turned to the right, and made for the Willow Beds near Rickmansworth, where they ran most handsomely up to him, and killed him, in true sporting-like style, after an excellent chase of three hours, to the admiration of a numerous field.

STOCKPORT HUNT.

ON Saturday, February 9, the Stockport hounds had one of the severest chases in the memory of the oldest fox-hunter.—At nine in the morning a fox was turned out on Cheadle heath, and in five minutes the hounds were laid on. Renard, being a stranger in that country, made the best of his way.

way: he took a head to Highgrove, through Gatley, Withinshaw, Baguley, and across the country to Hale, when, by a double, he was very near putting an end to the pursuit; but in half an hour the hounds recovered the scent, and pursued to the river Bollin. The fox skirted its banks a considerable way, and then crossed the stream. The dogs dashed in all together, and the chase was severe. There being no ford, nor any landing-place on the opposite side for the more adventurous, the gentlemen were obliged to ride round by the bridge at Ashley, and the fox having made a turn, brought them all in. He was forced through the covers of Ashley, leaped the high rails of Tatton Park, and thus left half the pack. He next made for Mere-heath and Tabley, where, after many doubles, and crossings in the park, he earthed. The place where the chase ended was full eighteen miles from Cheadle-heath. It was calculated that the ground ridden over could not be less than sixty miles; and, to the credit of the Stockport Hunt, every horse was up at the last.

KELLY HUNT.

On the 10th of last December, the hounds of Arthur Kelly, Esq. of Kelly, Devon, went eight miles before they threw off; they then killed a brace of strong hares, one running two hours, and the other one; and in going to turn out a third hare, they unkennelled a fox, which, after a chase of more than 30 miles without a check, they killed in a field near the five-mile stone, on the Exeter road, from Okehampton. They had then 23 miles to Kelly, where they and the huntsman arrived about nine o'clock, all well. Every hound that went from Kelly was at the death, and returned home afterwards.—The huntsman is supposed to have ridden 100 miles.

DISPUTES ON THE GAME-LAWS.

LORD ROUS, *v.* SIR H. SMYTH, BART. AND OTHERS.

In our Magazine of August last, we mentioned three causes of considerable importance to the sporting world, wherein Lord Rous was plaintiff, and Sir Henry Smyth, Bart. William Gill, Esq. and William Henry Digby, Esq. were defendants, for a trespass committed on his Lordship's manor, near Wangford. As there were several points which the defendants' counsel objected to at the trial, these gentlemen, we have authority to state, do not consider the verdict given at Bury as final or decisive, and therefore mean to move it to the Court of King's Bench, for the decision of that court.

An action of trespass, we understand, ought to be brought within six calendar months of the time the trespass was committed; whereas that wherein Mr. Digby was implicated was not brought forward until considerably after that period; and when brought, the trespass was said to have been committed on the 25th day of October, 1804, which period had not then arrived, and therefore the defendants' counsel found it, of course, difficult to plead to it.

ROBERTS *v.* STOUGHT, AND *vice versa.*

It perhaps may be amusing to the reader, as well as interesting to the public, to be acquainted with the circumstances attending the above cases, which are—That Major-general

jor-general Thomas Roberts, of Chadlington, Oxon, in the month of September last, thought proper to exhibit an information before the Rev. Cha. Western, of Kingham, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county, against Mr. Charles Stought, of Chadlington aforesaid, for having killed a partridge without being duly qualified; Mr. Stought afterwards appeared before the Magistrates at Chipping-Norton, in pursuance of a summons granted for that purpose, and proved himself to be amply qualified, by being seised and in the actual possession of a freehold estate of upwards of L.100 per annum, *free from all incumbrances.* The Magistrates being perfectly satisfied with Mr. Stought's qualification, Mr. Stought then thought it but justice to call upon the General to prove *his* qualification, and accordingly exhibited an information against the General before Francis Penyston, Esq. a magistrate of the county, for killing a partridge without being duly qualified; and the General being summoned, appeared by his attorney, and not being able to prove his qualification by land, or otherwise, insisted on his qualification as being *an Esquire*, whereupon the Justice determined he was not so qualified, and on the authority of the case of Jones *versus* Smart, convicted the General in the penalty of five pounds. The General not being satisfied with Mr. Penyston's determination, on the 25th of January last applied, by his Counsel, to the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *certiorari*, to remove this conviction, on the ground, that the General being an Esquire, or person of superior degree, had a right to kill game, *although he had no landed property*; but after a good deal of discussion, the Court held that the law, as laid down in the above-mentioned case of Jones *v.* Smart, had decided the question against the General, and therefore the motion was refused. The General has since paid the penalty.

LIEUT. COL. GIBBON, *v.* MR. THEOBALD.

In the court of King's Bench, on the 4th inst. Mr. Wilson moved for a rule for a criminal information against Lieut. Col. John Gibbon, of the East Middlesex militia, for sending a challenge to John Meadows Theobald, Esq. of Claydon, a respectable acting magistrate and deputy lieutenant of Suffolk. The affidavit of Mr. Theobald stated, that he had, like many other gentlemen, been at great pains to preserve his game, but he had suffered some inconveniences by the establishment of a military garrison in the neighbourhood at Ipswich, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Lord Charles Fitzroy. Mr. Theobald, in December last, was informed that Col. Gibbon had been shooting on his preserved grounds. He went to remonstrate with him, but not finding him at home, he applied to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who merely replied, that the law was open to him. Mr. Theobald requested he would mention the matter to Col. Gibbon, as it was far from his wish to proceed harshly. His Lordship promised he would. Nothing farther passed till January, when Mr. Theobald happening to be coursing, he perceived three gentlemen shooting on his preserved ground. He went up to them, and informed them of the trespass they were committing. One of the gentlemen asked, by what authority he presumed to accost them? The prosecutor made answer, that his name was Theobald. "O ho!" exclaimed Col. Gibbon, "then you are the very man I want to see—Pray, Sir, why did not you come

to-

to me, instead of going to Lord Charles Fitzroy to complain, you blackguard?"—Mr. Theobald returned, "What do you mean by calling me a blackguard, you dirty-looking fellow."—The defendant rejoined, "Sir, I am Col. Gibbon, of the East Middlesex militia, and I will meet you here to-morrow with a brace of pistols."—Hard words were used on both sides. At length one of the gentlemen said he did not know how the business could be settled, except in the way Col. Gibbon had proposed; and that therefore they had no alternative but to meet the next morning. Mr. Theobald did not think himself bound to accept the invitation, but had preferred to apply to the court for that redress and protection to which he was entitled.

Lord Ellenborough said—"Take a rule to shew cause."

To avoid unfair conclusions, and to shew how a plausible statement may be erroneous, or at least wanting in a material point, viz. if not the *truth*, *the* WHOLE *truth*, on a subsequent day of the term, cause was shewn against the rule; when the court, after hearing Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow, and Mr. Littledale, for Lieut. Col. Gibbon, and Mr. Wilson in reply, stopped Mr. Wigley, who was counsel on the same side, reprobated the conduct of Mr. Theobald in the strongest terms, and ordered the rule to be discharged.—We are not precisely acquainted with all the circumstances of the meeting of Lieut. Col. Gibbon and Mr. Theobald, but have reason to believe that the affidavits of the former, went to prove that the language and manners of Mr. Theobald, were more provoking and insulting than those of Lieut. Col. Gibbon: and hence the decision of the court was so pointedly directed against Mr. Theobald.

SINGULAR NOTICE OF A LOST DOG.

THE following extraordinary notice of a lost dog was stuck up in several places about Queenhithe a few days ago.

"Whereas Humphry Blewwick has lost his dog from Andover a Friday last; and whereas he was at whome just afore the London waggon came out; his measter thinks he have followed the waggoner to town, as he was mortally fond of un.—He was a devil after ony kind o'game, and the only dog o'the wurld after a rat or a fitchet. He coud set a most ony thing; knew how to quarter his ground, and to carry his head in the rite place. He is sumthing between the pineter and tarrier breed, and if any body has taen him, and will bring him to Andover, or to any of the west country bargemen at Queenhithe, there shall be no more zed about the matter, and perhaps sumthing to drink in the bargain."

HORSES TO MATCH—LAW CASE.

BADDELEY *v.* BROWN.

THE plaintiff in this case is a potter at Birmingham, and the defendant a merchant, residing on Fish-street Hill.

Mr. Erskine stated, that the defendant had applied to the plaintiff to purchase for him a horse of very superior make and shape, to match one he already possessed. The defendant was unaccountably minute and curious in his description of the horse he wanted; he was to have a short body, sound bone, firm joints, and a spot in his forehead; in short, so many other qualities were described and set forth,

that,

that, said the learned counsel, a man might be ten years searching before he could trace, amidst the incongruous mass of atoms, so rare an animal. However, he at length succeeded; but when he acquainted the defendant with his good fortune, the latter replied, that he had purchased for sixty guineas the horse he wanted. Still he had no objection to take the horse the plaintiff had bought for him, on condition that he delivered him free of expence in London. The defendant added, that the plaintiff might draw upon him for the original price of the horse. The plaintiff did so; but the defendant would neither accept the bill nor the horse.

After the case had proceeded at some length, Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited, as the conditions offered by the defendant were, that the plaintiff should deliver the horse in London, free of all expence, other than his original value; he had not done so, and had subjected himself to a non-suit.

IRISH TRAVELLING.

AN Irishman, who slept lately at the Lion Inn, in Wolverhampton, was going by one of the morning coaches to ——, but by mistake getting into the Shrewsbury coach after he had dined, which was standing by that he had just quitted, was brought back to the same inn in the evening. He frequently remarked on the road, how much the country resembled that he had passed through in the morning; but when introduced into the same room where he breakfasted, in which there was a handsome print of the projected iron bridge over the Thames, he broke out in the following exclamations.—"O! and to be sure, now I never saw but one picture before of that beautiful bridge, and that was where I slept last night, and to be sure the room was very much like this, and the paper, by my soul, was the very same pattern; and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should have sworn it was the same room.—*(Enter Waiter.)* Arrah, Mr. Waiter, and you are very much like the other waiter too: have not you a brother now, in the same capacity as yourself, that lives at that comical place Wolverhampton?" "Sir, this is Wolverhampton; you slept here last night." "O! by the powers, and I thought this must be the same place.—By Jasus, now, but it must be confoundedly *round about* to go through one town twice; but perhaps it is a better road; so Mr. Waiter, please to let me know when this same coach is ready, for I want to get to my journey's end!"

ANECDOTES.

WHEN the wife of Hiero, King of Sicily, was taxed by her husband that she never told him of his stinking breath, which one had newly upbraided him with, "I thought," answered the Queen, "that all men's breaths had smelt so." An excellent testimony of chastity, in that the wife never came so near any man, as to discern if his breath was sweeter or stronger than that of her husband.

AN Irish gentleman was lately asked, "What was the news of the day?"—The answer was, "Indeed my dear, there is nothing *afloat*, but that some of our ships are *gone* to the *bottom*.

SHOOTING

SHOOTING DIRECTORY;

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

(Continued from our last, p. 217.)

SOME young pointers begin to hunt earlier than others; many are so long before they even take the smallest notice of game, that their owners often give them away as useless: but frequently dogs thus disposed of, turn out to be good ones; and it is generally remarked by sportsmen, that those dogs that remain so long without shewing any inclination to notice game, and are the most difficult to break in, are always the best when they once begin to hunt, and become staunch.

When your young pointers, or dogs, begin to hunt, and you perceive they know their game, you had better hunt them by themselves: it is easier to stop them than when in company, as, when other dogs are in the field with them, it makes them more eager and capricious: they will, by symptoms of waving their sterns, shew you that they have got the scent; but care must be taken not to stop them too soon, as it will be necessary to allow them for some time to chase the game, previous to stopping them, particularly if it were long before they began to notice them. It is not by any means difficult to stop any kind of dog after game, especially a well-bred pointer or setter. You will find by experience, that when a young one chases his game, and begins to know what he is about, he will sometimes, on coming up to it, make a sudden stop, and then run in on the birds. At this time, therefore, it will be the most proper to begin to stop him; and you must not only exert yourself, but take every advantage you can in favour of the dog, such as taking the wind, and hunting him against it: and it will be a capital plan to take an old steady, staunch one with him. If the old dog finds the game first, let the young one spring it if you can; and, in hunting, take care not to allow either of them to go out of the field before you; or, in sporting terms, *break field*. When you cast him off to hunt, either to the right or left, as your judgment and experience will decide, walk slowly, making the dog cross you backwards and forwards, hunting across the field from hedge to hedge, every now and then advancing yourself sixty or a hundred yards, always keeping the wind in his favour; and when you wish him to cross, make use of your hand: the less noise you make the steadier he will hunt, and will constantly look for the signal; whereas, if you hunt him with your voice, he will hear you, and scarcely ever turn to look for you.

In this manner hunt the field regularly through, and you will be certain of finding birds, if there should be any there. There are some young pointers that stop naturally, and require little trouble or breaking; but if your young dog, or old one, finds birds or game, and the young one attempts to chase—if you think he is advanced to that stage of his education when he ought not to do so—bring him back to where the birds or game was sprung, and make him lie down, calling out *toho!* and checking him with rough words: if, after several times taking this trouble, you find him obstinate, you must correct him with the whip, and the degree of correction must be entirely adapted to the disposition of the dog, of which you will probably by this time be able to form some judgment: but remark, that a dog which does not bear the

whip, is easily cowed, and this often makes young ones blink their game, and a dog that blinks his game can be of little use to any sportsman: this is most frequently caused by beating dogs severely, who become so frightened, at the very sound of your voice, as to make them lie down. What we call blinking, amongst sportsmen, is when a dog finds his game, and he is spoken to, he draws off, and runs behind you; and often, without being spoken to, on finding the game, comes in close to your heels. Gentle means will be found always to have better effect than harsh. A sportsman should be very cool, especially in breaking young dogs; he will find himself always more successful in being so; and let every sportsman be cautious not to throw a stone at his dog; or to let any circumstance induce him to flog him with any instrument but a whip.

When your young dog finds game, which you will easily perceive, go up to him, walking slowly, but never run; for, if he sees you run, it is natural for him to follow the example, and then he will spring the birds: when you get up to him, and think you are near the birds, if they lie and your dog stands, walk round him, moving closer to him until you spring them: if he should then chase, he must be corrected as before described; by which, if he is of a good breed, you will most likely succeed in stopping him, If you find you have not conquered him, you must, when he next points, head him if possible, and holding up the whip to him, and smacking it, call *down*, *toho*. If all this does not avail, you must have recourse to the *trash cord*, which is made as follows, and to be used as afterwards directed. Get a very large thick leather collar, with a strap and buckle, to fit the dog's neck; then run two large nails through the leather on each side, and cover the heads of the nails with pieces of leather stitched over them to the collar: the points, on the inside, are to be blunted, and the length of them to be about an inch, that they may press against the dog's neck: there must be then a large hook, called a D, put over the collar, so as to admit of its slipping round it; then take about thirty or forty fathom of strong cord, to one end of which fasten a spring swivel to catch in the D of the collar, and to the other a slip knot, putting the collar on the dog. When you are going to cast him off, let him run with the line on the ground at his pleasure, procuring a strong peg or stick with a notch in it, to fasten the slip knot of the line round: thus equipped, when your dog points, make up to him, and getting hold of the cord, slip the knot round the peg, at the same time closing him, on which, if he should make a run in, and the cord is in your hand, just as he is at the end of it, give it a smart pull: this, joined with the force with which he is running, by the time he arrives at the end of the line, will give him a severe shock, and throw him, and the nails will enter his neck. A very few lessons of this kind, will prove the service it will be of to him. If he should not run in, and you can close him, leave the line on the ground, and sticking the peg fast, with the slip knot round it, walk up to him: you will then have an opportunity of walking round him, and springing the birds; or, if you choose, also, of drawing a net, which is necessary to make every dog staunch. If you can have your dogs broke in a mountain, or to grous, they will have a superior advantage over all others, in point of range and goodness.

Young

Young dogs are very apt to rake; that is, to keep their noses too long on the ground, scenting and puzzling, which is a very bad custom, and injurious to them; when you must have recourse to a puzzle pin, or peg, which is to be made in the following manner:

If dog-wood can be obtained, it is the best to make this peg with; a hoop stave is also excellent; the length should be about ten or twelve inches; the part which comes under the dog's jaws should be about two inches broad, with a strap of leather like a very light collar, running horizontally through it, and the pin should run taper to the end, with a gradual turn up, two holes being bored through it, under the part where the dog's tusks come over, so that a string of white horse-hide leather may be run up through them, placed over his tusks, and tied underneath. With this collar fastened on the dog, he may hunt, without the smallest detriment to his sense of smelling, and it will make him throw his head up well, and draw his game better: besides, if he is inclined to mouth it, he will be prevented by the checks he will receive from the pin, when he forces it against the ground.

When you take young dogs out, you should always have some person to flog them, if they do not come to you when called; which will be much better than doing it yourself, as they will be the readier to come to you for protection; but if, on the contrary, you are in the habit of correcting them yourself, they will always slink away, being afraid to come near you; as a dog knows, as well as his master, when he acts right or wrong, and you will find it difficult to get at him for correction, after doing it two or three times.

Always keep a young pointer to his work, and be very strict with him, just as he is getting staunch; for the first season he is shot to generally determines either his being very good, very indifferent, or a bad one: it entirely depends, at this period, on the master, who cannot be too careful, and good-tempered. Half the sporting dogs in this country are ruined at this crisis; and, as Mr. Taplin justly observes, "young dogs having imbibed the principles upon which they are to act, have nature and their instinctive impulse, to point out their practice when brought into the field." Juvenile gunners frequently spoil young dogs, by keeping them under as little restraint as they wish to be kept themselves, and too often let them break away out of all reasonable distance, till they acquire a habit of inattention and disobedience, of which some are with great difficulty, if ever, divested.

It is a very bad custom to use young dogs to hunt in company, until they have acquired the method of beating and finding their own game; for the consequence that generally follows, by their being too frequently hunted in company, is, that they acquire a method of following, and attending on old ones, well knowing they will be sure to find game first, and of course contract, by this way, very bad habits. A pointer cannot be too fast, if his nose is good; but many of the very swift dogs are sometimes apt to run over the game; whereas a dog that is steady and even rated, and that does not, perhaps, hunt altogether so fast, will make sufficient amends for his want of swiftness, by hunting more carefully; not passing by, or running in upon the birds. With one of this description, under good command, and hunted by the hand only, a tolerable shot will kill more game, than

than a first rate one, with three brace of dogs, and a clamorous set of attendants.

In breaking young dogs, the compiler recommends making them always *clap*, or stand their ground, on first finding their game. It is not right, if the birds move, that the dog should attempt to do so, until his master comes, or desires him; for if he does, if the birds do not lie well on that day, when they see the dog following them, they will run, until at last they are forced to take wing: and, on the contrary, if a dog stops or *claps*, supposing the birds are disturbed and run, they will soon stop again, not finding themselves pursued; for it may be remarked, and it is an incontrovertible fact, that if a dog rakes, and follows the birds, with his nose close to the ground, they will instantly take wing.

However, to conclude this subject, a well-bred pointer will point naturally, and will only require practice and attention from his master in his first season.

MR. SAMUEL STRETCH, AN ECCENTRIC MISER.

ON Thursday, Nov. 15, 1804, at Madeley, in Shropshire, died Mr. Samuel Stretch, aged 72. We understand he was a native of Market Drayton, in that county, and that the early part of his life was spent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced some service, in fighting the battles of his country.

For a length of time he resided in an obscure dwelling at Madeley, into which, it is said, he has not for many years admitted either male or female; and, from the best accounts we can give, it was indeed a dwelling of complete wretchedness. It was about fifteen years since he purchased a load of coals, a part of which were left at the time of his death. His chief employ was to go about to the adjacent towns, carrying letters and small parcels, and doing errands for his neighbours.

His person bespoke the most abject penury; he usually appeared in an old slouched hat and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, with a ragged bag hung over his shoulder, in which he mostly carried a little parsley, or some other kind of herb, the produce of his garden: these he generally offered as a present at the different places where he had to do business; and, when accepted, he took care to deal them out with a very sparing hand. This shew of generosity, together with his eccentric address and conversation, usually produced him a tenfold return.

On searching his tattered satchel after his death, it was found to contain old bones and shoe soles, pieces of paper, &c. which articles he usually collected in his peregrinations. His stock of linen consisted of two old shirts and a pair of sheets: in his hut were found several articles of silver plate, &c. His death was occasioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a state of intoxication, on his return from Newcastle the Saturday preceding.

By his penurious disposition he had amassed a considerable sum of money, exclusive of a loss of L.500 which we understand he experienced a few years ago, a part of which he has left to purchase an additional bell for the church at Madeley, and an annual salary for it to be rung every night at nine o'clock during the summer months, and eight during the winter; a chandelier

chandelier for the church; a bell for the use of the free-school; L.5 per ann. towards the organist's salary for that place, and a like annual amount for the Drayton organist; a further sum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the Madeley alms-houses, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice; and to his relations, two shillings and sixpence each.

He has nominated six executors; J. Crewe, Esq. of Crewe-Hall; the Rev. Offley Crewe, of Muzon; the Rev. B. Stoer, of Madeley; the Minister of Drayton; Mr. Wilkinson, of Madeley Manor; and Mr. Taylor, of Madeley Heath.

MARKET OF FROZEN GAME, &c.

As soon as the winter is fairly set in, the Russian farmers kill all but their breeding stock of cattle, pigs, and poultry, and place it in the air to freeze. Fish and game they also freeze in great abundance. This circumstance is particularly favourable to Russia, as by it they save all the expence of winter feeding, and have cheaper and better carriage for bringing it to market. It is brought from the remotest provinces, and large supplies arrive at St. Petersburgh, even from the Frozen Ocean in the north, and from the borders of the Caspian sea in the south. The great market at St. Petersburgh begins just before the Christmas holidays; the frozen provisions are, upon an average, about 30 per cent. cheaper than if fresh killed; and it would be difficult even for a nice epicure to perceive the difference. Pork, fish, and game, suffer least by freezing. Having purchased your winter or weekly stock, you take care not to expose it to any warmth, and just before cooking, you thaw it in cold water. The market covers several acres of ground; and, from the piles of animals, birds, and fish, with their several skins, feathers, and scales on, it presents a most ludicrous appearance. A market of this kind can only exist in countries in which the winters are remarkably cold; but it is surprising, that, when we are so well acquainted with the effects of congelation in retarding animal putrefaction, more ice-houses (which are cheap edifices) are not erected; for what utility, in the midst of summer, might not be derived from a stock of ice in preserving meat fresh, and in preventing the produce of the dairy from becoming rancid: what benefit would it not be to the farmer to be able to cool the atmosphere of his dairy, by throwing in quantities of ice; and how easily would he convey it, in a perfect state, to the greatest distance, by packing it up in frozen water! a circumstance which, in this age of improvement and luxury, cannot, we should suppose, be long overlooked. One of the first comforts in the northern countries is, the facility of preserving a great quantity of ice in ice-houses or cellars, during the whole summer. Not a single family, in the cities and villages, is without such a convenience, which serves not merely for cooling liquor at table, but principally for preserving beer, ale, and all sorts of fresh provisions, during the summer season. In the months of January and February, when the ice has acquired the greatest thickness, the stock is laid in, and the whole cellar is floored over, or rather filled with cubical pieces from three to four feet diameter, all the interstices are filled up with lesser pieces, and on very cold days the doors are left open, that the frost may consolidate the whole mass.

They

They sometimes surround a closet in the cellar with ice, in which they put the provisions, and which they can lock up.

EXTRACT FROM

THE BLIND BARGAIN.

For an account of which, see our Magazine for November, p. 70.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter GILES WOODBINE.

Miss Gurnet.

WELCOME home, boy.

Giles. Thank ye, aunty, koindly.

Miss G. Well, how have you been amused?

Doctor. Ay: isn't London a rare place, Giles?

Giles. Icod!--it be a queer one;—and somehow you see, I cannot say ought about it; for my head was all the time in such an odd wizzy wazzy state, that I cannot for the soul of me, make out whether I saw St. Paul's in the city or in the Panrama, or Westminster-hall in Moorfields or the new pantomime.

Miss G. Why surely you weren't out of your senses?

Giles. Ees: I were though; and rather loik'd it!—But what should come to pass,—the Londoners had heard as how I was a tidy hand at cricket, so they sent for me to play in grand thousand guinea match—between one Squire Long-hop and my Lord High-home-and-easy;—and I have but one hit you knaw—but that be a lapper all round field to be sure;—and I have but one koind of bowl—but that be dead sartin to knock down my wicket or my man—so I did pretty hobbling—I got his lordship a hundred notches—and I broke so many shins, bats, and fingers, that he won thousand guineas; and then he offered I five out of them—but he! he!—I told him I didn't come to town to get money—I came to see sights and curiosities—and therefore, if his lordship had no objection, I'd go home and take a bit of dinner with him.

Doctor. Dine with his lordship!

Miss G. And did he consent?

Giles. Ees sure—a chuckl'd woundily at the thought on't—and who should I meet there but her ladyship, and a pack o' your tip-top stylish lasses; at first I was pos'd a bit, and thought the curst French dishes had poison'd me—but after a glass or two o' somewhat like sham cyder, I found myself and the lasses all smiling and ogling at each other:—and just then, and be hang'd to un, my lord nodded to my lady, and away she went wi' all my sweethearts—but that woud'n't do for I—icod!—I follow'd them!

Doctor. Follow'd the ladies!

Giles. Ay: that I did—but some of your busy butterfly chaps brought I back again—fin'd me bumper after bumper, and ax'd how long I had made my escape from one Pidcock—I do think they call un—in Exeter Change?—I told them I pretty well guess'd what they meant; but that I was neither born a beast, nor would I stay with them and make myself one!—and says I,—"If Lunnun and fashion do teach folk to turn young women out of company, give I nature and cheek by jole, as long as I do live:"—and here I be nearly as I went; for if transplanting the tree have a little damaged the top on't, rot me, but the trunk and the core be as tight and as sound as ever.

Miss G. Now this is following my advice—I made him what he is—two years ago I took him from his father's farm.

Giles. So you did, aunt, and tutor'd I wi' a pack of such nice hard words,

words, that ever since I's felt *inspired*—or more properly speaking, *conspired* wi' love and gratitude: but yet one shouldn't find fault wi' poor feyther, he did want the needful, you know.

Doctor. Nay; not so much but he could afford to leave you a nice snug farm in the forest.

Miss G. Ay: the one that Villars rents: and that's well thought of, since his lease has long expired, I beg you'll get another tenant.

Giles. Why, Mr. Villars do pay as punctual—

Miss G. No matter, I have good reasons for removing him and his wife.

Doctor. So have I, and therefore turn him out directly.

Giles. Hauld, hauld, I's always ready to take advice, if I think there be aught good in it: but somehow Mr. Villars and I do often sport, fish, and cricket together; and when I did set out for Lunnun, his sweet lady did take her dear boy Henry in her arms, and bid him kiss and wish me safe home again. I tell you what, the topic shall have fair play; but if my mind don't change consumedly, I had far rather give them the farm, than turn them out on't; for I might sleep o'nights without having it here *(putting his hand to his pocket)*, but domme if I could, without having it here *(putting his hand to his heart)*; and now I'll go in, and drink both your better healths in a glass o' real cyder, for I's plaguy hot and weary wi' journeying.

Miss G. Go, Sir, but dare not to refuse me.

Giles. Well, well, I'll do my best; but I say, when do sister Soph come back from Lady Davenant's in Oxfordshire; I suppose Alderman got her invited, and I take it very pretty o' uncle that is to be: *(going up stage and looking in at door)*—there it be—there be the old fireside, and nation glad I am to clap eyes on't; and now, when I so well knaw the blessings o' home myself, how can you wish me to turn other people out on't—'tis the Englishman's castle, and whoever do invade it, is no better than a housebreaker, and as I be not in that line at present, so I hope I never shall be. Here, Joey! Davy! "When Johnny Bull sets out for France, &c.

[*Exit singing into house.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOURLY.

Tourly. Pheugh! *(fanning himself with his hat)* this is pleasure is it?—the gig is quite settl'd—and for the horse—look—there he stands staring to know what trick you'll next play him.

Jack. I play him!—'slife!—who was driving?

Tourly. Both!—we were both driving.—And I must say, if the tour hasn't prov'd pleasant, 'tis the consequence of your coming into these cross roads, to hunt after old castles—old paintings—and wild prospects!—when to the traveller of sense, there is no castle like an inn—no picture like a sign—and for the beauties of nature!—give me a good larder, Jack—oh! there's food for contemplation.

Jack. Ay: to the sensual and unlearned mind—but had you studied as you ought—

Tourly. I did—I was once the best scholar in all Brazen Nose, and you know very well I gave it up solely from good breeding.

Jack. Good breeding!

Tourly. Ay: and so ought every man that passes time with town ladies and country gentlemen—for 'tis the height of rudeness to talk Greek and Latin in their company. —But what's to be done?—here we are without money—without a conveyance

conveyance—without—only take notice—no more visiting at private houses.

Jack. Why, Sir?—didn't my friend, Mrs. Effort of Plenty Hall, entertain you two whole days with the greatest hospitality?

Tourly. Yes: with such hospitality that I thought every hour would be my last!—for Mrs. Effort was so afraid of being thought stingy—and so many of the dishes were of her own making, that she actually cramm'd me till I could'nt cry, "Hold—enough!"—think of the soups, jellies, custards, pies, puddings, ale, syllabubs, and hot punch, that she nightly forced down my throat—and, when almost suffocated, I ask'd for a cool chamber and a mattress—curse me, if I didn't find myself in a warm feather-bed, close to a roaring fire, and a hot warming-pan left sticking at the bottom of it—and these are the joys of travelling!—Oh: had I a house of my own—would I leave it for bad inns—bad roads—and bad hospitality?

Jack. Why did you leave Oxford then?

Tourly. Why?—there'sgratitude!—wasn't it to amuse you? to help to drive from your mind certain scruples about a certain love affair? and let me manage—only let me manage, and I'll shew you—look—that house there!—it may belong to some honest fellow who will advance cash——hush!—somebody's coming!—now for it—now see if my management——

Enter Doctor Pliable.

Doctor. Pretty treatment! and a pretty life I've led lately—first my brother dies, and leaves me a parcel of bad debts—then this——

Tourly. Sir! *(bowing)* that white house yonder—pray—doesn't it belong to a gentleman of the name of Tomkins—Tomkins——

Doctor. No, Sir—it belongs to a profligate of the name of Villars.

Jack. Villars!—what the man who married Sir Edward Analyse's daughter?

Doctor. The same—and a charming husband he makes her—in addition to other intrigues, we suspect that he has just decoyed away a young lovely——

Jack. Indeed!—Mrs. Villars is my relation—and if he dare to wrong her——

Doctor. Your relation!—give me leave to ask you, Sir—is your name Analyse?

Tourly. It is, Sir—Jack Analyse of Queen's College, Oxford—and my name is Charles Tourly of Brazen Nose.—We are travelling for amusement, and nothing on the road has given us so much gratification, as the pleasure of seeing you. *(Bowing very low.)*

Doctor. (doing the same.) And I'm sure gentlemen, I'm equally gratified to see you. You are Mr. Analyse—and you are Mr. Tourly—both of Oxford?

Tourly. Yes, Sir—yes—and I see—*(to doctor)*—I see you'll make much of us.

Doctor. I'll make all I can of you, gentlemen—for my brother, who was a wine-merchant at Oxford, amongst other bequests——

Tourly. Left you some excellent port.

Doctor. No, he left me this joint note of yours for ninety-two pounds—now I have often dun'd you in vain by letter—therefore instantly discharge it—or else—look!—be kind enough to conclude your journey in the county goal. *(Pointing to back scene.)*

Tourly. Curse all parties of pleasure, say I.

Jack. Curse your bad management, say I.

Doctor. What! it isn't convenient?

ent?—very well—then I shall go directly to my attorney—and in the mean time I advise you to go directly to Mr. Villars, and ascertain whether he don't love more women than one—so—things are mending again—I shall not only get Villars into a curst scrape, but perhaps touch ninety odd pounds I little expected.—Gentlemen, I beg—oh—no—no—certainly for once I leave company without making any sort of apology—ha! ha! ha!—travelling for amusement!

[*Exit.*

Jack. (after a pause.) Charles!

Tourly. Jack!—what road will you take now?

Jack. Why—first the road to Villars.

Tourly. What!—more hot water! meddle between man and wife!—adieu!—I'm off for Oxford.

Jack. How! leave me! separate at such a moment!—Well! if you will be so unfriendly—farewell, Sir.

Tourly. Farewell Jack!—yet stop—stop—you'll want my advice now—without my management, I know you'll get into a thousand more of these infernal scrapes—so have with you, boy!—and don't despond—for come what will, we can write our tour.

Jack. So we can—and one advantage in modern travels—many buy them.

Tourly. Yes: and another advantage in modern travels—very few read, and nobody believes them. But they won't do without drawings—even Milton and Shakespear won't sell without engravings—so look—I have brought my crayons—and by way of frontispiece, I shall take you bowing to the doctor—he pointing to the county jail, and I laughing at both your long faces—it will do—though not ourselves, we shall amuse other people, my boy.

[*Exeunt.*

A RAMBLE
FROM
Salisbury through the Villages to Wilton.

The Déjeuné—The Villages—Beauties of Wilton House—Tabula Antiquæ—Invention of Oil Painting—Wilton Town—Harnham Hill—Longford Castle—The Green-house—and a set down at Salisbury.

The vales of Italy may still delight,
And Gallic manners make the boy polite;
But if the beauties of your native land,
You never warmly strove to understand,
The gems you gather from a foreign stock,
Are only pebbles of a barren rock.
Leave then, my friend, less favour'd states, alone,
Till you have learn'd the value of your own.

THE DEJEUNE.

I WAS disturbed this morning by the sound of the trumpet, General Goldsworthy's dragoons were in the market-place, taking a farewell of their friends and relatives for the last time, before their embarkation to the continent; their orders were, with all possible speed to join his royal highness, the duke, at Ostend. The scene was particularly affecting, the young women hung on the necks of their husbands and their sweethearts; the old were embracing their sons; and the little children weeping to part with their fathers. The men in a moment were commanded to mount, and they as soon disappeared; while the lamentations of the afflicted were only overcome by the clangor of the trumpets. The sight was too much for a man of my feelings. I turned my back on the instruments of slaughter that were to follow the troop, and after many unpleasant reflections on the horrors of war, entered the woodbine-covered, and quiet abode of Mr. Wilmot, near West Harnham, who presently covered the table with all that was sweet and comfortable, and I sat down

down to my déjeuné; where, as I soon forgot the terrors of the battle in the contemplation of one of those fine landscapes which made Gainsborough so celebrated on the canvas, and which seldom fails to give sublimity to the songs of our pastoral poets; and having sufficiently refreshed, I took my way through a long train of

AQUATIC VILLAGES

Once of celebrity, but now only remarkable for a fine range of stables, where horses for the chase and the race are kept in a state of training by skilful jockeys in some of the finest downs in England. These villages, Bemmerton, Netherhampton, and Quidhampton, are particularly dull; I saw nothing living in my way, but a herd of gipsies preparing the kettle for the meal, and patching, to the sound of rustic songs, the half worn sides of the farmer's sauce pans. So contemptibly mean are the parish churches here, that it is difficult to discriminate the house of God from a hay-stack; and yet, —a thing worth remarking—though the temples of worship are so poor, the houses of the priests are particularly elegant, capacious, and surrounded with all things comfortable and pleasant: I do not mention this as a thing reprehensible, priests in all ages were attached to the best situations, and so long as they take as much care of the altars as they do of themselves, they have my hearty good wishes. Quitting these watery stations, I presently reached the finely cultivated grounds belonging to the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, and found myself before the gates of

WILTON HOUSE.

It was one of the abbies abolished in the reign of Henry VIII. and that monarch presented it to his favourite, Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; since when, it has undergone so many alterations, and received so many improvements, that very little of the original is to be discovered..

The progenitors of the present noble earl had been great encouragers of the sublime arts, and, at at an early period, shewed their fine taste, by employing Holbein and Jones to improve this their divine mansion; however, it was left for Earl Thomas to raise it to a degree of magnificence and splendor beyond any thing of the kind at home, and to vie with the most celebrated in foreign nations. The approach gives a stranger, at first sight, a wonderful idea of the grandeur of the whole, and no sooner does he enter the great hall, than he is fascinated with the finely disposed assemblage of Greek and Roman antiquities. I could employ my pen a month in their praises, but the confines of this paper forces me to correct my ecstacy. Here are many valuable pictures, but the Pembroke family, by Sir Anthony Vandyke, has the pre-eminence, it is of itself a school for an artist; but the greatest rarity I was permitted to examine is,

THE TABULA ANTIQUÆ OF RICHARD II.

A well preserved representation of King Richard II. in his youth, and at his devotions; it is painted on two tables constructed to fold, to preserve it from common accident and from the severities of time. The king is represented kneeling by his three patron saints, crowned, and in a robe covered in allusion to his mother's arms, and his own name of Plantagenista: on the ground is strewn lilies and roses; eleven angels, crowned with white roses, seem to direct all their attention towards Richard; and on two brass plates, at the bottom of the picture, is engraved,

INVENTION

INVENTION OF PAINTING IN OIL, 1410.

This was painted before, in the beginning of Richard II. 1377. Hollar engraved and dedicated it to Charles I. and called it "Tabula Antiquæ of King Richard II. with his three Saints and Patrons, St. John Baptist, and two Kings, St. Edmund, and St. Edward Confessor."

This picture was given out of the crown by James II. to Lord Castlemain, when he was ambassador to Rome, and bought, since he died, by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

The invention of oil painting, was long before the above dates, and is of greater antiquity than is generally asserted. Hubert Ab-Eyk practised it in Italy, where the art had been no secret for centuries before this Hubert communicated the theory with instructions to his brother John at Bruges, in 1370, who was the painter of this Tabula, and who practised it in Normandy, and finally in England at Richard's court; and after him Old Giovanni Bellini who also learned it of Hubert. I thought it right to reconcile these contradictions as far as I could with the gentleman who attended me, but I believe to very little purpose. The delicious regale I received at Wilton House, was only damped by the great expence I was at in obtaining it. The moment I rang at the garden gate, I was ushered to a kind of tool-house on my right hand, where I was requested to write my name in a folio and pay one shilling, this man conducted me to the great court, where I was delivered over to a gentleman very polite, who shewed me the antiquities and received half a crown. I was next taken under the care of a third person who introduced me to the pictures and other rarities. This gentleman told me to look with attention on a picture, where the hostler was under trial for robbing the stable of the oats; the judge was a horse, and all the jury were horses; but I was the ass, for after some severe strictures on dishonesty, he took from me another half-crown; I was then shewn out of the house and again delivered to the gardener, who having shewn me all that fell under his care, held out his hand for another shilling. I could not help observing that all these exactions put it out of the power of most travellers to visit Wilton House, and that in foreign countries gratifications of this nature were obtained in a way far more liberal. In extenuation he answered, that his lord had forbidden the taking vails from his visitors, and that they served for small wages; that all the money received in this way was put into a box, and once a quarter equally divided; and were it not for that the place would not be worth keeping. I answered, I could not give credit to a tale so injurious to the reputation of his noble master, and that it was at best but making a puppet-shew of a gentleman's palace, whose liberality was too well established to encourage impositions in his dependants.

Gratified with the sight of so many incomparable beauties within and without Lord Pembroke's princely mansion, I left them with regret, and entered the

TOWN OF WILTON,

Once the principal place of the county, of great magnitude, exceedingly populous, and full of the most valuable manufactures. It held the *cathedral* of a bishop, and its boundaries encompassed twelve churches; but now so reduced below its former consequence, as only to admit of one, and that so humble, so mouldered without, as not to retain a single beauty to recommend it to notice. However, the

door

door being wide open to receive a corpse about to be buried, I entered, in expectation of objects more gratifying to one of my inquisitive disposition; for, whatever may be my pursuits in a strange place, I never forget to sing with Milton,

> But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale;
> And love the high embowed roof,
> With antic pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

But here I found as little to engage my attention, except about the altar, where there is a bust of the late Earl of Pembroke finely executed, and a marble sarcophagus, which once contained the remains of Lady Charlotte sister to the present. The body was preserved in spirits, and placed in a coffin of glass, which used to be shewn to strangers, till delicacy caused it to be removed to the vault beneath. On the front of the marble appears this singular epitaph:

> Lie still sweet maid, and wait th' Almighty's will,
> Then rise, unchang'd, and be an angel still.

In the church-yard I observed a custom I had never seen before in any part of my rambles, the graves are neatly lined with brick work, and then white-washed with a shining material from the top to the bottom, which gives them a very pleasing appearance; but this is only for those whose relatives can afford to pay for the labour.

The town, at present, is so exceedingly dull, that scarce a living object presents itself but to inform the traveller of its almost annihilated commerce, and the want of those comforts which make the poor man smile: I had a conversation with one of the inhabitants on this subject, who assured me that the kersey and carpet trade was, of late, become so low among them, that where one hundred pair of hands were wont to be employed, five were more than sufficient to do the business.

As I quitted these scenes of melancholy, where the tabor never moves the feet to sprightly measures, I could not help reflecting, in a serious way, on the mutability of all things. "Farewell!" I cried, as I turned my back on the town; "farewell, poor Wilton! the blood-stained hand of War has driven thy manufacturers from the loom, and the iron whip of unrelenting Power, thy peaceful peasantry far away! Thy matrons die beside the idle distaff; and the forlorn widow by her useless spinning-wheel, sits sighing for the idol of her affection, the child of her bosom! The pale-faced maiden hangs her head, once rosy as the morn, weighed deeper by despondency; she weeps the object of her love, but he is lost, alas! for ever, on the carnage-covered plains of the continent!" After a walk of three miles over the downs, I attained the summit of West Harnham, and sheltering in the shadowy side of a clump of trees, I remained some time to enjoy a beautiful view of the whole city of Salisbury; then taking the upper road that leads to Burford, in about an hour entered my Lord Radnor's park, at

LONGFORD CASTLE.

The whole is laid out into one extensive grass farm, covered with flocks of the most valuable consideration; it was to me a charming sight to behold these fleecy creatures indulging themselves beneath the broad shade of the Spanish chesnut trees, planted here by his lordship's ancestors, in great abundance; and time has brought them to so high a degree of perfection, that they seem, at this moment to flourish in all their native luxuriancy.

Longford

Longford Castle stands about two miles east of the city of Salisbury, upon the winding of a swift current formed by the waters of the Avon and the Willy, wreathing from hence through the level land in figure not unlike a silver serpent, till lost in the salt wave at Christ Church. The mansion is of a hollow triangular form, with a round tower at each extremity, the one appropriated for a place of worship; another incloses a valuable library; and the third, elegantly adorned with tapestry, furnishes apartments for the subordinate ladies of the household: the whole exhibiting a very pleasing appearance to a traveller on the high grounds, enriching the landscape with a jewel, without which it would be flat and uninteresting. Admission to the interior of the castle is to be obtained upon seeing the housekeeper, who is a person of great civility, and perfectly well qualified to gratify the curious inquirer. In one of the parlours are a number of good family pictures by Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The colouring of those pictures is still as brilliant as enamel. Sir Joshua has a portrait in the same room, the tints of which—though the attitude is graceful—are all flown, and the cheek of the British beauty changed to the sickly skin of the Gentoo: here are several other pictures of this master; particularly one of Lord Folkstone when a boy, covered with a hard varnish and starred all over like a cracked looking-glass. An original trait of this great man is hardly to be discovered, his *whites* are all *yellow*, his *reds* are all *black*, and every part disgusting to a person of taste. Surely Sir Joshua could have no retrospect to posthumous reputation: that sacred love of fame, which is so discernible in many, could never once mingle with the beauties of his fancy; this knight must have been, in the prosecution of his art, what most mercenaries are in their trading occupations, without a single idea abstracted from accumulating money. What a pity Sir Joshua omitted to make alchymy a study, and that he trusted so much to the colourmen of Long-acre!—we had not then seen his divine productions fading like dying dolphins. Sir Anthony Vandyke was not beneath this sort of attention, he prepared for himself, and knew the power of every tint; his fine picture at Wilton House is an incontrovertible proof of this great and indispensable principle, as is the following anecdote: The late Sir Walter Blacket had his likeness finely painted by Sir J. Reynolds, and paid 200 guineas for the picture. It was conveyed to the family mansion at Newcastle, and there placed with the baronet's ancestors; but it had been there but a very short time, before the females of the family were terrified with a sudden alteration in the visage, and even in the dress of this admired picture. The tints which gave animation to the countenance, with the colouring of the drapery, disappeared, and left on the canvas, only a natural but elegant outline, when nothing less than death was foreboded from this extraordinary phænomenon. Sir Walter being in London, an express was immediately despatched, with whom the baronet returned in perfect health, to the great joy of his friends and his family; he laughed heartily at the incident, but, in justice to the painter, wrote the following epigram, and in letters of gold inscribed it on his 200 guinea picture:

The art of painting clearly was designed,
To bring the features of the dead to mind,
But this damn'd painter has revers'd the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

For the sake of our rising artists, and

and for posterity, it is much to be lamented that our ingenious countryman, for the love of riches, should so undermine the temple of his fame. Vandyke did not accumulate gold; Sir Joshua died worth fifty thousand guineas.

Beside many other good pictures, my Lord Radnor has a pair of inestimable Clauds, morning and evening. Woollet has copied them, and the public may be gratified.

Among other rarities, my lord has a steel chair, the greatest artificial curiosity I ever beheld. It was a present to an emperor two hundred years ago, it retains a brilliant polish in all its parts, and has upwards of two thousand figures, representing historical facts from sacred and profane records, the whole is so finely chased, as to equal the best works of Parberry or Moser. After viewing the interior beauties of Longford, it was recommended to me not to omit

THE GREEN-HOUSE;

And through the favour of Mr. Curtis, one of his lordship's gardeners, I was presently introduced to one of the finest Hortulaniary collections I had ever beheld; the whole was scientifically arranged, and every exotic in the highest degree of perfection the art of Adam could aspire to. With the most obliging condescension, I was made acqainted with their names and properties: among other uncommon plants, appeared the yellow cotton of India; the pods were all bursting, some yielding to the eye their full load of golden treasure; and these, I was assured, my lady, for her amusement, spun into thread for the needles of industry. Fruit of almost every kind I beheld, in size uncommon and of the finest flavours, none of which, if left alone to the nursing hand of nature, could ever attain, with us, the smallest degree of beauty or perfection.

It has often struck me with admiration, that an island so highly favoured by providence, in other respects, as great Britain, should be so barren of native vegetable productions: nearly all that is valuable we owe to the art of man, for we have nothing indigenous but the common grass of the field; and, as some say, the crab-apple.

Nor are we less bound to distant countries for our finest fruits, flowers, &c.—jessamine comes from the East Indies, the elder-tree from Persia, the tulip from Cappadocia, the daffodil from Italy, the lily from Syria, the tube-rose from Java and Ceylon, the carnation and pink from Italy, &c. &c. For these inestimable blessings, we are still obliged to the ingenious husbandman and the gardener; yet I find nowhere upon record that their merits have been attended with such rewards as they were entitled to possess; while the contrivers of vain pleasures have been, and continue to be, elevated to every post but the right one. It has been observed, that "the man who teaches a quarter of barley to grow on a barren acre, deserves more of his country than the hero who depopulated an empire."—If this be a true maxim, the whole amount of the national debt of England is insufficient to make amends to the heirs of those who supplied the land with the first comforts of life, and that for ever. And now, thanking my kind conductor, to whom I am indebted for the above information, I quitted Longford Castle, taking my way towards Salisbury through meadows full of refreshing streams, whose sides are decorated with bloom, yielding fragrance equal to the vales of Italy.

T. N.

ON MILITIA OFFICERS.

GENTLEMEN,

A SHORT time since, being on a sporting excursion in a western county, I was surprised at meeting my old university acquaintance Jack Five-bar, as I could not but think we had been at least a hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at first accosting, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly-familiar air, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm like a nut-craker, and then whirling my arm to and fro like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am glad to see thee"—and a hearty damme at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain is become a fine gentleman, so fine a one indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my *Greek*. However, Jack would insist on my accompanying him, and, as being an old college chum, I was introduced to his brother officers, and these I found, like my friend Jack, had, in some measure, cast off their slough and put on the martial gentility with the dress. I could not but observe, and to the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficients in them, as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in time of peace.

First, with respect to dress. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country squires into as spruce beaux as any on the parade at St. James's. The short frock, striped waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig or cropp'd head of hair, has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold hilted sword with a flaming sword-knot.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may indeed swear like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice I supposed was introduced among our regiments, that they might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances; for after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer, and in this our militia are not deficient; indeed, they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail being expert at it: no veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals, you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder. Some they besiege by secret sap and undermining, and

some

they take by assault. I suppose they think it an indispensable part of their duty, or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia officer was undoubtedly possessed of this spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main or a bye battle, but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader; but what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

Your's, &c. C. S.

HOW TO MAKE EXCUSES.

Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
Shakespear.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW no talent in the application of which some gentlemen more excel than that of *excusing*: and when I tell you that I am a tradesman, obliged, from the nature of my business, to give credit, I hope you will not doubt that experience has qualified me to speak upon this subject, and to speak feelingly.

There are only two kinds of debtors—those who *cannot* pay, and those who *will not* pay. The first have excuses *ready made*—the latter are *obliged* to *make* excuses. The first may be *sometimes* dishonest—the latter are never *very* honest. The first destroy hope at one blow—the latter protract its torments till it expires from weakness. The first is an *acute distemper*, that kills in a few hours—the latter is a *chronic distemper*, worse than death. In a word, Sir, *inability* is tolerable, because *they* cannot cure it—*unwillingness* is painful, because *I* cannot shorten it.

In *forming excuses*, according to the common practice, the following rules are observed:

1st. That the *same* excuse shall be as seldom repeated as possible.

2d. That the excuses be as various and *plausible* as possible.

3d. By way of maxim—every kind and degree of excuse deserves to be tried, because there is much less inconvenience in postponing a debt than in paying it; and the advantages of *giving words* and *parting* with *money* are all on the side of the former.

To exemplify these rules, Mr. Editor, permit me to state a case. Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession!

July 1. "O! this is Mr. Mercer's bill—call again any day next week."

July 9. "Not at home."—"When will he be at home?"—"Any time to morrow."

July 10. "Has a gentleman with him"—waits an hour—"O! ah!—this is the bill—ay—hum!—look in on Monday."

Monday. "Not at home—gone to the Post-office."

Thursday. "Leave the bill, and I'll look it over."

20. "There seems to be a mistake in the bill; I never had *this* article—take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books."

24. "Just

24. "Just gone out."

29. "I am busy now; tell your master I'll call on him as I go up town."

Aug. 16. "Bless me! I quite forgot to call. This bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day."

17. "Gone to Yarmouth, and won't be home till next month."

Sept. 12. "What! did not I pay that bill before I went out of town?—Are you going farther?"—"Yes.—"Very well; call as you come back, and I'll settle it."——Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Blofield.

16. "Plague of this bill!—I don't believe I have so much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a L.20 note?"—"No."—"Then call in as you pass to-morrow."

18. "Not at home."

25. "*Appoint a day!* Damme, what does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

Oct. 14. "What! no discount!"—"Sir, it has been due these two years."—"There's your money then."—"These guineas are light."—"Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of L.9 : 14 : 6, with three of the guineas light.

But these are only a sample, after all, of the many excuses I must receive; and the most mortifying part of the business is, that such debtors are really those who can pay, but by various delays obtain the use of the money, and in some cases tire out the patience of the creditor. I must say, indeed, that they are remarkably civil; they give me the prettiest words—they send their compliments and their kind love "to Mrs. Mercer and the dear little ones"—but, plague on them! they won't send the money.

As my fellow-shopkeepers labour under the same hardships in these respects as myself, I hope you will not refuse this humble statement of our case; and if it produces the payment of any one bill which I am now hunting after, you will merit the hearty thanks of, Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

TOBIN MERCER.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE English language, it appears, is making some progress, though not "*pari passu*," with the Dutch, in Surinam. The following curious specimens of our national orthography are extracted from the Surinam Courant, of the 16th of August last:

"ADVERTISEMENTS.—For sale.—By Isaac Abendanon, in Saramacco Street, Mans-Shoes, Beaver Hatts, fine shaving Boxes, Sugar Almond &c. in Bottels. Hoops for Sugar Hogsheads, Boat Oars, Boots, Suspenders, Paper, Brandy, Gin, and Danish Beer in Bottels and Juggs."

"F. DE GRAAF, a Smith in Iron Works, habitant up the Stoenbakkers Grogt beside the Zwarte Hoven Brug Street, him self recommends in the favour of the Gentlemens, and inhabitants of tho e Colonie, he shall him self acquainted from his Works at civil and exact manner."

"SINCE a few days about, him self absented from the Underwritten a Negro Girl, callod Jansie, and marked AK. every men is requested, for no keep or ceal him, but

but to will restore him law, ful Master, who shall pay the usual reward Every men take care for dammage."

"THIS evening at nine o'clock it struck me to the very heart, that it was pleased to God Almighty to call up from this world my, dear and tenderly beloved husbano J. Valckenaar, Doctor of Law, in his life-Time First Counseller Fiscal of his Colony and to give him the eternal Bliss, as I trust in him I am grieved as much again because our six underaged Children are losing with him a careful Father. A. M. van der Mey. Widew Valckenaar."

"A SILVER RING is lost in the Street of Combe, being settled with five Diamants Stons I request every men, who find or have any Notice of themselves for deliver them at A. Wenman."

"FOR sale.—Coffee Bagg, by Barent Ezegiel."

"FOR sale.—By the Subscriber —— Best Jamaica Rum by the Gallon, Hollansh Gin, Coniac Brandy, Anisette, best Hyson Tea, Red Oaker, Man and Woman Shoes, Soal Leather, Calf-skins, China Tea sets, a variety of Watches, an elegant curricle with a good pair Horses, a good Hostler, an elegant Hand Organ, a Piano Forte, a Lot of Ground in Domine-street Cow Knie, wit a good House, Negro Houses, Chaisehouse, Stables and a Good Garden; a quantity of Nankeens and other Dry goods——alle which will be Sold on the most reasonable terms by Aron Joseph."

"The Free Sybille van van Hout, request all inhabitants of this Colony, no to give Credit to her Son N. R. von Rieben, because she no will be responsible for him."

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(Continued from page 69 of our Magazine for November.)

LETTER IV.

DEAR COUSIN,

YOUR query,—"Will not the mere poet of art, when he has exercised his genius in his own affairs, and is become vain with any happiness and success in his poetical attempts to beautify and illustrate those of his private concerns, be then tempted to make inroads upon the province of the real poet?"—is very pertinent; for most men, and all women, become vain upon any success attending their attempts. We are not therefore to be surprised should the former infringe on the rights and prerogatives of the real poet. But should this prove to be their case, then the latter will have nothing more to do than to act like the celebrated painter, Apelles, who, when the shoemaker found fault with a famous piece of his, mended it, thinking that the shoemaker must have a just conception of proportion in that part of the painting which belonged to his trade; but when Crispin next day presumed to find fault with the legs and body, Apelles contemptuously exclaimed—"Cobler, stick to your last." Now, should the partial poets break the boundaries of their avocations, then let the real poets cry—"Mechanics, stick to your own avocations; in whatever has an immediate relation to those several arts, we shall be directed by you, as you ought to understand those concerns

concerns better than we; but leave us to judge and to exercise our own profession." Having answered your query, I wave every other matter, and shall proceed with my narrative.

That poetry is an arduous undertaking, is allowed by every one. It is locked within prescribed boundaries, and tied up to rigid rules; and the poet must neither break the first, nor transgress against the last. Yet the poet is allowed to take liberties, and has granted him some enfranchisements. The ancient poets are all open to his inspection; he may read, copy, translate, or imitate them as much as he pleases; nor is he, that I have ever heard, ever hanged, or tried by a court-martial, for stealing their finest thoughts, their noblest sentiments, their best lines, or their most harmonious numbers.

Since the real poets have their assistants, the partial poets must, assuredly, have theirs. But what assistants can those be? The partial poets know but little or nothing of the language in which the ancient poets left their works; of course they can neither borrow nor steal from them; no, not so much as improve their judgment, increase their ideas, elevate their sentiments, or harmonize their numbers, from perusing them. What assistants, therefore, are the partial poets to take as guides in their confined poetical enterprises? Why they may, on any pressing occasion or urgent necessity, have recourse to the old English poets, and borrow from them all the information and assistance that they are capable of affording them: they may imitate their numbers and manners; nay, more, they may paraphrase particular passages, and apply it to their own purposes. Our immortal bard Shakespear's inimitably fine and sublime soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," hath been paraphrased, and converted, or perverted, which you please, to every purpose and subject in life; to duelling, to gaming, to war and invasion, to eating and drinking, to hunting of every description, and to almost every event or occurrence in political and domestic history.

Seeing, therefore, that many real poets, as well as dabblers in the divine art, have taken this liberty, the partial poets certainly may each select suitable passages from the old English bards, paraphrase, and apply them to answer their respective arts and occupations. For instance, should the milliner be at a stand to diversify her subject, a circumstance, I grant, that we cannot readily believe will ever occur, seeing how copious a fund of words and articles she has at her command, and which are, many of them, so mutable, so fluctuating, and ever changing as the seasons revolve; yet, to diversify her subject, to evince her skill, and to display the universality of her genius, she may paraphrase or turn the above inimitable soliloquy, as she probably has many a cap and bonnet, into a new form, work it up a tasteful pattern to answer her design, and gratify her fashionable and genteel customers.

To dress—or not to dress—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer
The rude inclement skies, the boist'rous north,
And sultry south, the west, and chilling east;
Or to take thimble, needle, thread and wax,
And, with industry, parry them.——To dress—be fine—
No more, by dress to say we end
The thousand wants and longings female pride
Is ever heir to—'Tis a consummation

Devoutly

Devoutly to be wished.—To dress—be fine—
Be fine—perchance to run in debt—and then
The rub of tradesmen's bills—hard ruthless race of men,
Whome'er forget to dun the beauteous fair.
This should give us pause—Here lies the source
Of gowns, of hats, of caps, which linger long
With widows, sprightly maids, and buxom wives;
For who would wear the old and faded gown,
The oft-patch'd petticoat, the darn'd hose,
The cap old fashion'd, the sun-burnt hat,
The muslin frayed, and slipper down at heel—
But that the dread of pitiless bumbailiff
Puzzles the will, and makes us bear those ills
Much rather than be haul'd to that sad bourne,
Height prison, durance vile, whence few return—
But who would sicken, groan, and sweat beneath
A cumbrous load of garments, wanting taste,
While fathers, lovers, guardians, are at hand!
Let's practice syren's arts, sing, wheedle, cry,
'Till loos'd the close-drawn string of leathern bag,
Or stocking old, then purchase every charm—
Be elegant to day, gaudy to-morrow,
Majestically grand and grave the next;
For who can bear a sameness still in dress?
Cloaths worn and faded are a dreadful curse;
Than lovers old, ten thousand times they're worse.

From the milliner we naturally pass to the jeweller, who, if he has the least poetical genius, must make a very tempting figure among the partial poets; and a poetical publication of the many valuable beauties and elegancies of his repository must fire the female breast with the ambition to ornament ears, neck, bosom, arms, and fingers, with the rich and brilliant articles of his boutique. Jewels are to dress, what flowers are to leaves; they are the same foils to dress as diversified flowers to a green pasture, or those which are tastefully dispersed among leaves and branches, and that complete the taste and beauty of the bouquet. So the jeweller puts the finish to the milliner's art, and sends the beauty, perfectly finished, to the assembly, the opera, or the court.

Of all the amusing and eccentric advertisements of the partial poets, the most extravagantly pleasant may be expected from the pens of the disconsolate, solitary old bachelors; men who, having mispent their youth and manhood, squandered their patrimony, loaded their bodies and minds with a thousand pains and weaknesses; who, growing wiser and considerate; and who, seeing nothing before them but gloomy horrors and a dreary prospect, at last think of taking a wife, to share, or rather to ease them of an enormous load; to bring pecuniary assitance, to watch over their sleepless nights, nurse them in sickness, patiently endure every oddity and provoking perverseness, and numberless eccentricities that possess the mind of the bachelor during these diurnal fits of gloominess. All this is expected from a wife, besides her entire management of all domestic concerns, servants, &c. &c.

Do not, my dear, in this place imagine that I have been laughing, or aiming at shewing my wit, or giving scope to a satirical vein, at the expence of the poor old bachelors: no; I do assure you that I never was more serious in my life, and aiming at truth and justice only. Indeed, to be ingenuous, I must declare, that I dare not to laugh or

or shew my wit on this occasion; because it is said, that laughing is catching; and the gracious Powers above, I hope, will preserve Sophia from ever feeling the forlorn condition of ancient celibacy.

Besides the old bachelors, there are others who sometimes make public their wishes to engage with some faultless female, and who must come with every good and extraordinary recommendation. Some who have had bad success with a first engagement, and being freed by death, wish to venture the second time, hoping for better luck; whilst others, who have been blest with good wives, but not without a fault or two, either in temper or conduct, these, being at liberty to make another choice, think to get a helpmate with more good qualities than ever was known in any human being, either male or female; and not having any knowledge of such nonpareil in the circle of their acquaintance, they make their extravagant desire public, believing that there are eight or ten such nonpareils in England, and probably one or two in the city of London; they flatter themselves that one of the small number will fall to the venturer's lot, as every one who ventures in the lottery hopes to gain the twenty or thirty thousand pound prize; and were the first prize a plum, every one would hope to be the fortunate man ordained by Heaven to grasp it as a reward for his many excellent virtues; so unreasonable are these lords of the creation.

But women, my dear, you know, are reasonable beings; for, whenever a woman condescends to express a wish, in the public papers, of entering into the holy estate of matrimony, she is always reasonable in her demands; and it is evident that a man will content her for a husband—she does not dare to let the public see that she would arrogate to her own self a man faultless, and of such a passively patient temperament, that he will ever be silent, deaf, dumb, and insensible to all negligencies and errors, irritability and turbulence.

These partial poets, as before observed, cannot very easily fail of being pleasant and highly entertaining, as their wants will admit of humour, and allow of freedom of fancy and imagination. For instance, the old bachelor, when quite vanquished by the gloomy horrors of long procrastinated celibacy, is come at last to the resolution of taking a wife; but at the same time resolves to be very prudent and circumspect in his choice, and being grown a little superstitious, as most men are who have been habituated to retirement and privacy, he resolves to fling himself in fortune's way, who though she be blind, is not deaf; consequently the blind goddess may hear and pay due attention to what he says; so down he sits to his pen, writes a copy of an advertisement, wherein he gives a full detail of his views about the holy estate, and then enumerates the many rare and choice virtues, qualities, accomplishments, &c. which the fair one must evidently possess to render her a suitable object to aspire to the high honour of answering his publication.

To give a specimen or sample of what may be looked for under this fanciful and sporting department of the recent divine influence, must not, cannot be expected, at least not from my pen. This department admits of more fancy and invention to elevate the imagination to a conception of more excellencies, virtues, domestic qualifications, &c. than "youthful poets fancy when they dream." All attempts, therefore, at anticipation must fall short,

short, and can never hope to draw a tolerable semblance of that which is to arise from the mantling imaginations of the parties or actors themselves. The artist must sing his art,-and offer the produce of his genius. The mercantile class can sing only the useful, fancy-pleasing, and gust-giving articles of the repository, warehouse, and shop; and but seldom, if ever, add more to the catalogue than they are known actually to possess at one season or other, though not at all times: but whoever wants and advertises for a wife, may give himself as many virtues, make himself as famous for uncommon and wonderful excellencies, as the quack doctor will ever give to his patent nostrum; and he may require in the fair one, who alone can hope for the honour of being preferred, as long a list of great endowments and necessary virtues, just as the quack will give of weaknesses, pains, defects, maladies, &c. &c. &c. to which the human frame is liable. This being the case, you will not expect a line from my pen on this head, but give me leave, for the present, to bid you adieu. Your's unchangeably,

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

A SILENT GAME OF WHIST.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE heard it often asserted, "That although silence is a necessary requisite in the game of whist, yet granting that the company are as silent as the grave during the round, no sooner is the last card played, than every tongue, as if compressed before against its will, rushes forth with astonishing rapidity, bearing before it, and carrying down with it, the reputations of wives, widows, bachelors, and virgins, in one torrent of destruction."

It was my lot, very lately, to be a witness of a scene, which proved that some snug parties do not wait for the round being over to talk the news of the day. I was invited to Mrs. Ape'em's rout. Mrs. Ape'em is a lady in the city, who prides herself on a close imitation of the manners of the quality, and gives routs to larger companies than her house can contain. But it is not my business, at present, to delineate her character, so much as to transcribe, for your use, the small-talk at one of the card tables. Not being myself concerned in any set, I had the more opportunity of observing others, and, by the assistance of my pencil, unseen and unobserved, I am enabled to send you the following dialogue:—

Mr. Tattle. (*dealing*) So then, ladies, you profess you don't know any thing of Mr. Spruce's affair with Mrs. Stately—the most comical affair—he! he! he!—by gad its my opinion—sure I have not misdealt—

Miss C. I have thirteen.

Mrs. C. And I.

Mrs. G. And I—its all right Mr. Tattle—Mrs. Stately was always one of those kind of people one does not like, so close and so reserved—what's trumps?

Mr. Tattle. A diamond.—The true state of the matter, I believe, was, that—that's your trick partner—there was an *absolute* necessity for the marriage—nothing less could do, I assure you, for you are to know that——

Miss C. Mother! you have played twice.

Mrs. C. No, child! count the cards—I think the widow is more to blame than he; I hate such demure sluts—I never thought she would come to any thing——

Mrs. G.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes! there was Miss Sprightly our neighbour, you know what a hurry she was in to get a husband—that's my trick, Sir, —and what did she get, after all?

Mr. Tattle. *He's* got nothing, I believe. *(all laugh)*

Mrs. G. Lord! Mr. Tattle you are so comical—a knave—but he was only a clerk at fifty pounds a year—for my part, I believe she bought his wedding suit for him, and paid the parson out of her own pocket—a diamond, if you have one.

Mrs. C. There's some widows very fortunate—sure never was a hand like mine, nothing above a three in it—my poor dear husband used to say—O, I beg your pardon, Ma'am, you trumped the hearts——

Mrs. G. I trumped them!—not I indeed, it was a spade—there is a pretty story too, I find, about your neighbour in Leadenhall-street.

Mr. Tattle. O, yes! a pretty *commence* there too!—but it is no more than I expected—now for the odd trick!—take it partner.

Miss C. O, Lord! don't talk to me, you never saw such a hand—I don't think Mr. Cane so disagreeable a man as some people do—to be sure, Miss Biddy Flirt might have done better.—No, Ma'am, you don't get that, there's the king, for you.

Mrs. G. Lord! who could have thought you had the queen!—Mrs. Clackit, you don't mind your hits—I like that pattern of your handkerchief vastly—where did you get it?

Mrs. C. Of our linen draper at the corner—I always buy of him—a monstrous civil man.

Mr. Tattle. Yes: the man's well enough—Mr. Irish you mean—but what think you of his wife—take up the trick, partner.

Mrs. G. Oh, she! a great, fat, uncivil swab—I hate the sight of her—and yet, forsooth, they keep their carriage!—fine times, indeed, when rag-men keep their carriages!

Mrs. C. O fye, Mrs. Go-between, you are too censorious!—for my part, I think the woman is well enough—to be sure she is fat—but she can't help that you know—and really I have never found her uncivil—to be sure one does not expect much from such kind of people—and as to her character—you have seen Tom Neatly the shopman?

Miss C. Yes: a prodigious handsome fellow!

Mrs. C. I say nothing—that's not your trick, Mr. Tattle.

Mrs G. Nor I—but this I will say, that——

Mr. Tattle. O come, that's neither here nor there—Mrs. Irish is a very *prudent* woman you will all allow. *(a general laugh.)*

Miss C. By the bye, they tell me, that, that affair we were speaking of the other night, is not yet made up between Mr. and Mrs. Flare it.

Mrs G. No:—nor likely to be—the man must be a fool—you have got the knave, Mr. Tattle—a man must be a fool not to see with his own eyes.

Miss C. Yes, yes: I believe the matter was very plain, before they went to Margate—Lord, Sir, why did you take her queen?

Mr Tattle. Ma'am you shall see—now you talk of going to Margate—has any of you seen Miss Popple lately?

Omnes. No.

Mr. Tattle. Oh then—probably you may see *double* soon. *(a laugh.)* Yes, yes, fine doings in the *alley*—I thought it was not for nothing she preserved that situation.—But, however, that's no business of ours.

Mrs. G. What! has she had a slip too——

Mr. Tattle.

Mr. Tattle. A slip! aye, a tumble too. They say, in the neighbourhood, that she already *waddles* out of the *alley*—*(a laugh)*

Mrs. C. Aye, you are so witty, Mr. Tattle—I protest there is no standing against you—whose ace is that?

Miss C. Now for it—I'll bet you half a crown we have it—I knew *Miss* Popple long ago—and never expected better from her—she was always too sentimental for me—then she us'd to dress so——

Mrs. G. Yes: I believe some part of her dress is not paid for yet—I saw a mercer's bill once, for fourteen pounds eleven shillings and sixpence—and I dare say it was not the only one—my trick, Sir.

Mr. Tattle. There, two by honours, and three by cards—Miss Popple has done for herself—shall I mark the game partner?

Miss C. Who deals?—O mother, it is your turn now—and they say the fellow she keeps company with is a journeyman taylor.

Omnes. A taylor! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Here, Mr. Editor, my account ends, and is very much at your service. I am your's, &c.

Bob Shorthand.

SAGACITY, &c. IN HORSES AND DOGS.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the following instances worth inserting in your admired Magazine, you may depend upon them for truths. A friend of mine, who is possessed of an old favourite horse, was one day riding him from Doncaster to Rotherham. Going home in company with a gentleman of that neighbourhood, their conversation turned on their favourite steeds, when Mr. H. was of opinion, that the old horse could not carry him over the hedge by the road side, which was higher than himself; Mr. S. the owner of the horse, was of the contrary opinion, and accordingly they exchanged horses for the trial. The old horse, with a weight not less than between sixteen and seventeen stone, was set at good speed at the hedge, but unfortunately, when come to take his spring, his fore feet slipped and they nearly came down; Mr. H. laughed. The animal immediately turned round, run at the hedge on the opposite side of the road, which was higher than the other, and cleared it in a moment; no doubt, not less to the satisfaction of himself, than to the astonishment of the rider. Reader, don't you suppose the horse was conscious of his credit?

A FRIEND of mine has a greyhound of no small celebrity, and was coursing a few seasons back; the dog run a hare single handed, and raced her so hard, that she had not time, it seems, to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, when she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales, which was very high; the dog seized her at the instant she touched the top of the paling, and in the momentary scuffle he slipt between two broken pales, each of which run into the top of his thighs near his lisk; in this situation he hung till the horsemen came up to him, when to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which one of them took from him before they released him.

A RECRUITING serjeant that had been in Scotland between two and three years on duty, received orders to come to England; the serjeant's wife it seems was willing to leave her room in a decent state, and therefore one day set to cleaning it.

In removing some sand, earth, and rubbish, at the bottom of a cupboard, on the ground floor, to her agreeable surprise she found, carefully deposited, twenty-pence halfpenny in halfpence, which they were confident was hid by the little dog, as they used at times to play tricks with him with halfpence, which were frequently lost, but never till then could they give any account of them. The dog was very attentive while the woman was cleaning out the place; and when she took up the money, he wagged his tail and snapt at her fingers.

The following is an undoubted fact:—A friend of mine who is used to travel every six months for orders in business, has used his old horse to partake of a pint of ale and a penny loaf at a particular public-house on the road; in one of his rounds, he was considerably later than usual in the evening, and thinking to pass the house in a hurry, struck the old horse into a gallop: still, when he came opposite the house, he stopped short, nor could all the beating, coaxing, nor resolution induce him to go on. Old constant had never passed by without his usual allowance; of course it was brought him in a dish, and he made an end of it with such despatch, that before the rider could receive change for a seven shilling piece, the old road-beater had set off at full speed, and the rider received the change the six months following.

VETERINARY IMPROVEMENTS.

A PRACTICAL operator of some celebrity, having lately performed castration upon a high-bred and most valuable horse, the property of a gentleman of large fortune, made his occasional visits, to observe the progressive recovery of his patient, when, at the expiration of a few days—which he intended to be his terminating visit—he proclaimed the horse in a state of perfect safety, and out of *every chance* of *danger*; but so uncertain is the ambiguous page of prediction, that in a few hours after this information, the owner had the mortification to despatch his groom to the doctor with information, that the horse had not travelled long in the road so infallibly pointed out for him, but had become suddenly defunct; or in less sublime language—that the horse was *just dead*.

Another of rather more singularity is, the adventure of one of the red-coated retinue, who having been some years most honourably and profitably employed under the banners of royalty, has occasionally amused himself with the emoluments arising from equestrian speculation; and for some years, in succession, enjoyed an almost uninterrupted series of success: but, as Fortune seldom bestows her favours without the lights and shades of fluctuation, so he recently encountered the reverse. Being infected with the fashionable furor of veterinary investigation, he confidently proceeded to display his proficiency in the art of nicking upon four fine horses upon sale, probably from the flattering hope, and expectation of deriving considerable advantages from the sale of them, amidst the brilliancy of the establisment where he is so happily employed, which, among the vicissitudes of indignant fate, became completely abortive, for the four destined victims patiently resigned their lives within a few hours of each other.—So true it is, a shoemaker should never go beyond his last!!!

On Friday, the 8th inst. a reverend divine arrived in town from Suffolk, and, upon his arrival, it was found that one of his horses was exceedingly lame in the near hind fetlock, from some injury sustained on the road. A vulcanian practitioner was called in, who, with his prime minister—the operative assistant—concluding, in the utmost extent of their sagacity, that it must have been from some puncture at the bottom of the foot, proceeded, with both buttress and drawing-knife, to absolute devastation. At the heel they penetrated to the posterior of the coffin bone, sinking a well of more than two inches, and by way of going to the bottom, as well as bleeding in the toe, cut away all the outer sole, separated the artery, laid all the membranous mass open to the external air, and reduced the poor maimed victim to a state of the most deplorable misery. The animal being irreparably deprived the use of his limb, and the parties, starting and standing aghast, wished better assistance to be obtained; a well-known practioner of some celebrity was called in, who, upon accurate inspection, finding the hasty and inconsiderate interposition of art, had committed greater depredation than the utmost efforts of nature to restore—or regenerate in twelve months—he recommended to the reverend owner, the loss of his life, as the only alternative to be adopted; which was immediately ordered, that he might be relieved from a state of the most incredible misery. To our sporting readers, this may prove the probable danger likely to follow; when those who know little of anatomical structure of parts, and never condescend to recollect, that more mischief may be ignorantly, or madly committed in five minutes, than can be repaired, by both art and nature, in ten months; this, I say, may prove, how seriously necessary it is to advert to the old sporting axiom, "Look before you leap;" for want of which, many an excellent horse is brought to the hounds.

Benefits of the Chase—Excellence of old British Dogs—&c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,

To trace to their earliest origin the prevalence of sports in which we take delight, and endeavour to derive some authority for the pursuits in which we ardently engage, cannot but always be truly grateful to the liberal and ingenuous mind. And entertainment must always be found by every man, in the examination of the various modes and ways, in which the very remote ages have followed up diversions which are to himself the source of high gratification and pleasure. Such then must be, necessarily, the sensations of every sportsman, when he casts his eye back upon the transactions of his ancestors, and finds, in the earliest periods, the chase always regarded, no less by the monarch than the subject, as a pursuit in the highest degree beneficial, useful, and agreeable.

Hunting was followed by the early Britons with the most sanguine eagerness; they considered it as an indispesable and necessary employment for every person who was to mix in the bloody tumult of war, and trained their sons to support with firmness the toils, the dangers, and fatigues of hunting, that when their country demanded their services in her cause, they might not shrink under the still severer discipline of a military life. By an early initiation in such manly and invigorating pursuits, the British youth acquired that

that courage, that strength of body, that swiftness, and dexterity, which enabled them to wield so skilfully each hostile weapon, and become so truly formidable to their country's foes. Nor was this the only real benefit—independent of pleasure—which accrued to these early nations from the pursuit of hunting: by this means they freed their country from numberless highly dangerous and noxious animals. Of what essential utility was the encouragement which King Edgar gave to the diversion of the chase, in exacting from his subjects, instead of the annual tribute, which it formerly had been customary to pay in cattle and money, three hundred wolve's heads yearly! which occasioned so great a havoc to be made amongst those destructive and ferocious beasts, that their numbers were in a very few years amazingly lessened, and the whole race was gradually extirpated.

Cambria's proud kings—though with reluctance—paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
SOMERVILE's *Chase.*

By hunting, in days of yore, each young hero laboured to obtain the smiles of the fair object of his love; they pleased their charmers by signalizing their valour and perseverance in the chase; and were proud to offer up their trophies at the feet of their respective mistresses, who greeted the high-spirited victors with smiles of approbation and encouragement on receiving these honourable, and sometimes dearly bought testimonials of their love and courage. The hoary Ossian frequently alludes to this custom—"Lovely daughter of Cormac," exclaims a British prince; "I love thee as my soul.—I have slain one stately deer for thee.—High was his branchy head, and fleet his feet of wind."—Even the fair sex themselves, and those too of the highest rank and most remarkable beauty, are celebrated as often mixing in the chase, and piercing the wind footed hart with unerring arrows.—"Comhal was a son of Albion—the chief of an hundred hills.—One was his love, and fair was she!—the daughter of mighty Conlach.—Her bowstring sounded on the winds of the forest—their course in the chase was one, and happy were their words in secret."—Long spears, javelins, and bows and arrows, were the chief instruments which the ancient Britons made use of in the chase. With the latter their dexterity in aiming at the devoted victim was truly astonishing. The custom of shooting deer with bows and arrows is of very old standing, and was still used some centuries after the time we are now speaking of. No one is ignorant of the usual *insignia* and pursuits of Diana; and as a proof that they were used infinitely later, we have only need to search the records of English history—Shakespear, in his beautiful comedy of "As you like it," has given us a charming scene, where Jaques is represented in the forest moralizing upon a wounded deer, which had come to drink at a small rivulet near him with the arrow still sticking in his side, and the blood gushing from the wound. Nor were dogs wanting to assist them in finding and securing the game they pierced, amid the immense and trackless forests which at that time covered so large a part of Britain. I shall again quote the wildly romantic Ossian, for a description of a royal hunt, which is given in the boldest and most enchanting language:—"Call," said Fingal; "call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase.—Call

white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath—Fillan and Fergus blow my horn, that the joy of the chase may arise; that the deer of Cromla may hear and start at the lake of Rors.—The shrill sound spreads along the wood.—The sons of healthy Cromla arise.—A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-bounding through the divided heath. —A deer fell by every dog, and three by the white-breasted Bran."—The British dogs, at that time, employed by the native huntsmen, excelled, in a very high degree, in fleetness and the powers of smelling; their fiercenes, prodigious strength, and high spirit are no less worthy of our admiration. They approximated more to the old Irish greyhound than any other breed of animals at present in existence: it is well known how serviceable these latter-mentioned dogs were in destroying the wolves that infested England, and that they were transported into Ireland for the purpose of rendering the same service to the inhabitants of that country, which they had before accomplished for their British masters. Foreign nations highly admired, and purchased, at large prices, numbers of the dogs anciently used in Britain. It is a positive fact, that these famous dogs were no inconsiderable articles of commerce in the exports of those rude ages. As one instance in proof of this assertion, I shall quote an ancient author.—

Quod freta si Morinum dubis refluentia Ponto
Veneres, atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos,
O quanta est *merces* et quantam impendia supra!

But if the coasts of Calais you visit next,
Where the firm shore with changing tide is vext;
And thence your course to distant Britain steer,
What store of dogs, and how exceedingly dear* !

These dogs were not, however, confined to one kind alone, some of them which were particularly large and savage are mentioned by Shabo,—l. 4. p. 200.—as being made use of even in the field of battle by the Gauls and other of the continental nations: they were trained to fly at the throats of the enemy, and so severe was their bite that immediate death was the consequence; and they were so pertinacious, that it was totally impossible ever to make them loose their hold, if once they had firmly gained it, till the poor victim was a corpse. Other kinds were used for fighting with wild beasts and bulls in the Roman amphitheatre; this is proved by a line of Claudian's,

"Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni."

"And British mastiffs break the brawny necks of bulls."

There was still, it seems, another sort much smaller, which appears to answer to our beagles. I shall content myself with another short quotation, from Appian—I have given a translation instead of the original Greek, the same passage may be found mentioned in Camden, Britan. v. i. p. 140.

"There is a kind of dogs of mighty fame
For hunting; worthy of a nobler frame:
By warlike Britain's painted sons they're bred,
Are beagles called, and to the chase are led;

* Though exceedingly dear instead of *exceeding dear* spoils the poetical measure, grammatical propriety demands the word to be used adverbially. Many good writers still err, as above, in placing the adverb.

Their

"Their bodies sma[l]l, and of so mean a
shape,
You'd think them cu[r]s, that under tables
gape."

These dogs, however, though poor as to their external appearance, are reported to have been in great estimation in the field, and there were very few, if any, which excelled them in fleetness of foot, and in the exquisiteness of their scent. So highly were all these different kinds of dogs esteemed amongst the Celtic nations, that several severe laws and penalties were enacted, and inflicted upon those persons who were found guilty of having stolen any of them. There was one most ludicrous law passed with regard to them, an extract from which is given here in Latin, from Pelloutier. "Si quis canem præsumserit involare, jubemus ut convictus coram omni populo posteriora ipsius osculetur*."

Nor did the commixture of the ancient Britons with their frequent invaders, the Danes, tend at all to diminish their predilection for the sports of the field, but seemed, on the contrary, rather to increase it. The Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the other British nations, constantly paid the greatest attention to these amusements, and the country they lived in abounded, most plentifully, with every kind of game which could solicit their pursuit. Hawking began about this time—A.D. 450—to be introduced, and this, together with hunting, amply filled up all the time they could spare from the avocations of war. Indeed to be skilled in such accomplishments they not only deemed in the highest degree honourable, but even an absolutely necessary part of the education becoming a young man of noble and distinguished birth. We find their greatest kings and princes invariably brought up in this manner. Alfred the Great was actually instructed in the art of hunting before he was taught to read. This is celebrated by his historian Asser, who speaks, in proud and rapturous language, of the consummate skill he had attained in all the diversions of the field. Nor does Malmesbury, the historian of Edward the Confessor, pass unnoticed the extreme fondness which this prince displayed for the exercises of hawking and hunting.—"There was only one diversion in which he took the greatest possible delight—viz. to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice; or to attend the flights of hawks, taught to pursue and catch their kindred birds. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his time in these beloved sports."—The prodigious number of very severe laws which were enacted in those days, to guard against the stealing and killing of dogs, sufficiently proves what high favourites they were with the nobles and great men at that period. Hawks too, were no less highly esteemed by them. These highly-favoured birds were constantly carried with them in all their journeys, and to resign his hawk was an action more derogatory to the honour of a gentleman than almost any other concession he could make. From the forest and game laws of Canute the Great, which are still extant, we may learn the precautions which were taken by the great for the

* With deference to our correspondent, we will give the sense of this ludicrous dog law in English—"If any one presume to steal a dog, being convicted of the fact, we command that he shall, before all the people, kiss that part of the animal which shall be nameless." EDITOR.

preservation

preservation of game, and magistrates and officers appear, by these laws, to have been appointed in every county, for the express purpose of attending to the punishment of all trespasses upon the royal forests. Thanes, bishops, and abbots, were permitted to sport within the limits of the king's chases, but if an unqualified person were detected, not only in hunting, but even in disturbing the game, the penalties and punishments, incurred by such offenders, were in the highest degree arbitrary and severe.

In France, all game properly belongs to the king; and, in some parts of Germany, it is death for a peasant to be found hunting in the woods and forests of the nobility. In England, in the early periods we are now contemplating, every freeholder had the perfect liberty of sporting upon his own territories, provided he came not into the forests belonging to the monarch. This was also the ancient law of the Scandinavian continent, from whence, not improbably, Canute the Great derived it. By one of Canute's laws, if any gentleman or inferior thane killed any stag in the king's forests, he was degraded and deprived of his arms; if a ceorl killed one, he was reduced to slavery; and if a slave killed one, death was the punishment of the offence. After the Norman conquest, the regulations concerning game, were, owing to their excessive fondness for the diversions of the field, rendered infinitely more rigorous by the kings. It was maintained, that the right of pursuing all beasts which fell under the denomination of game, belonged to the king only or such as were appointed by him, inasmuch as the king is the ultimate proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom. And this the Norman monarchs took good care to exert to the very utmost. Immense tracts of country were depopulated for the purpose of making royal chases, and to kill any of the game within the precincts of these extensive forests, was as penal as the death of a human being. John of Salisbury, speaking of the violent passion entertained by the princes of the Norman line for the chase, tells us, "In our times, hunting and hawking are esteemed the most honourable employments and most excellent virtues by our nobility; to spend their time in these diversions, they think is the supreme felicity of life. They prepare for these sports with more anxiety, expence, and bustle, than they do for war; and pursue wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country."—The fondness for field diversions was not confined to the laiety alone, so universally was it diffused; the clergy participated with eagerness in the pleasures of the field, and spent a considerable portion of their time in hunting and hawking. Walter, bishop of Rochestor, took such extreme delight in these exercises, that even at the advanced age of eighty, he gave himself up to them with the greatest ardour, and constantly conferred on these pursuits, that time and attention, which were more properly due to his more serious avocations and duties. Nor were the fair sex exempted from the general enthusiasm for these rural diversions. It was no uncommon thing to see the most beautiful and delicate women displaying their elegant forms on the back of a fleet courser, braving all the dangers of the chase, though the snowy arms with which they reigned in their exulting steeds, seemed formed for other and more suitable purposes than the management of a horse. Of hawking, also, they were no less extravagantly

gantly fond, and many of them excelled in that art even the stronger sex. A royal hunting almost equalled in splendor and expence a royal tournament. In the time of Edward III. A.D. 1363, when the kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus, were in England, these kings, together with all the English nobility, were invited to a royal hunting by Edward. We can have no conception of the magnificence of such a hunting, unless we form a just estimate of the greatness of the retinues attending upon all these distinguished personages, and their extreme fondness for the sport. The forests of Schyrewood, Rogyngau, and Clyne, together with many other woods and chases, were the scenes of this glorious sport, and we have reason to suppose that it lasted for a very considerable time. In Scotland, every baron was, by law, obliged to hunt the wolf four times a year at the proper season, attended by all his tenants: every sheriff also, together with all the barons and freeholders of his county was obliged to have three great wolf-huntings in the year. This, however, was not merely for amusement but for necessity, as Scotland was still infested with these ferocious animals. The Scottish monarchs hunted frequently in the Highlands in a style of eastern splendor and magnificence. Many of the lairds, attended by immense crowds of their vassals, accompanied them in these expeditions—

> "In troops
> The busy hunter train mark out the ground,
> A wide circumference, full many a league
> In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
> Till the wide circle is completely form'd."
>
> SOMERVILE'S *Chace.*

The Earl of Athol constructed, for the reception of James V. the queen his mother, and the pope's ambassador, a palace or bower of green timber, with turrets and portcullis, and furnished it with whatever was proper for a royal abode. The hunting lasted for three days, in which time there were taken 600 deer, besides a great number of roes, wolves, and foxes. This number appears immense, but we shall more easily believe it if we consider the mode of hunting, which was to surround entirely an immense district and to drive the game into a very narrow circle, to be shot at leisure by the arrows of the king and his nobles. The earl's hospitality was estimated at the daily expence of L.1000; which is equivalent to more than L.3000, at the present day. This prodigious assemblage of people was, however, put an end to afterwards, as it was found, that under the pretence of hunting parties, the vassals were often collected for highly dangerous and treasonable practices.

In the present times, hunting still continues a favourite amusement; but hawking has given way to the fowling piece, though in the 15th and 16th centuries, and even later, it was scientifically cultivated as a liberal art. Treatises were written on the diet and discipline of the falcon; the genus was discriminated like social life, and a species appropriated to every intermediate rank from an emperor down to a peasant. In fowling also, the long bow was employed, a sport which required considerable dexterity: archery was no less a celebrated female amusement; and it is recorded that Margaret, on her journey to Scotland, killed a buck with an arrow in Alnwick Park. The bow, however, is now, for field sports at least, entirely laid aside, and the fowling-piece, a far more sure and fatal weapon, has usurped its place. Our setters and pointers too, now

so

so excellently trained and instructed, add infinitely to the pleasure of shooting. In fine, in spite of the cavils of the pedant, and the mistaken prejudices of the philanthropist, field sports must always be esteemed and considered amongst mankind as being in the highest degree useful, beneficial, and agreeable. *Venandi Cupidus.*

CHARGES OF CRUELTY IN SPORTING.

THOUGH it has been the fashion lately to say so much on the cruelty of field sports, that any attempt to vindicate them from the charge is likely to give no favourable opinion of the humanity of the apologist, yet having myself, as a man very fond of reading, found so much advantage from the exercise attending this species of amusement, I am tempted to say something, at least, in extenuation of these terrible objections.

I know it is an obvious question, to those who urge this plea, "What! are you so irrational that you cannot take necessary exercise, without such an incitement?"—I frankly own I am. The spring, the summer, and the autumn, have natural charms enough to draw us out; but the dreary hours of winter—and they begin earlier, and continue longer, in this climate, than the time allotted to them in Rider's Almanack—have no great allurements of their own. As half mankind would be starved, if it were as disagreeable to take food, as it is physic, so half the literary world would have their health ruined, if they had no inducement of pleasure to lead them to exercise. A tasked ride round a down, or to a particular tree, is not sufficient to keep the body in vigour. Not gentle exercise alone, but moderate fatigue is necessary; and fatigue without amusement is neither a palatable nor a salutary medicine, and will never be taken habitually by a person strongly attached to literary pursuits—the illiterate must find employment out of doors; or, if taken, will not have the desired effect. The student who rises from any literary labour in which he is earnestly engaged, will find it pursue him after he gets on horseback, unless it is counteracted by some other object that engages his attention: and this never will be done by the beauties of nature, though in their most attractive state: they will be lost on the man engaged in a work of science, and will only more inflame the imagination of the poet who

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

Therefore without active amusement as well as exercise, relaxation of mind, which is so materially conducive to health, can never be perfectly obtained.

Persons of high rank may derive a peculiar advantage from the diversions of the field; for, in following them, they are placed in a thousand situations where they must depend solely on their own personal exertion. It was said of some ancient prince, that thing in which he most excelled was riding, because his horse would not flatter: the same is true of the dog, the gun, and every implement of sporting.

The diversions of the field have also their use in training men to arms. They make fatigue familiar, and teach men to brave the fury of the elements. They give dexterity in the use of fire arms; and hunting is an excellent school for light cavalry. That every bold rider is a man of general courage, will not be asserted; but only prejudice

judice will deny, that he who has been in the habit of taking dangerous leaps for his amusement, will be more likely to charge an enemy with alacrity, than one who has only been trained in a riding school. Xenophon insists strongly on the advantages of hunting to military men. The chevalier Folard says, also, that hunting gives an intelligent officer a thousand opportunities of considering different military positions. The knowledge of a particular country is always most accurately gained by it. Indeed it was a consideration of this kind that induced the great patriot, John Hampden, to serve as a volunteer with the cavalry at Chalgrave field, where he fell, though he was a colonel of foot. This appears from an account of his death, in the author's possession, which says, "He voluntarily offered himself to command the detachment, being a person well acquainted with those countries through which Prince Rupert was to pass; for he had been a great sportsman in his time, and had often traversed those countries as such."

However, the objection to sporting, as to its cruelty, must rest on one of these foundations—either as being cruel to the animals who are the objects of it; or, as encouraging a cruel disposition in those who enjoy it.

As to the first, I have no defence to make against those who choose to adopt a Pythagorean diet; or even those, if any there are, who, contented with the slaughters of the shambles and the poultry-yard, would exempt the edible inhabitants of the fields and woods from violent death; a partiality, by the way, that would bear hard on the vegetable food of the disciple of Pythagoras. But those humane philosophers who, though they never take the field in person against hares, pheasants, or partridges, receive their slaughtered bodies with great complacency from their sporting friends—or buy them of poachers—seem to have no pretence for bringing the charge of cruelty against actions they themselves encourage, being, to all intents and purposes, what the lawyers call accessaries after the fact, in these ferine murders.

The second objection arises from the impression made on the mind of the pursuer, which may produce a habit of cruelty. A man who has never experienced the pleasures of the chase, may consider them in the light of killing our own meat for our amusement; but the mind of the sportsman is so taken up with the enthusiasm of the pursuit, or the dexterity of his aim, that the animal itself is no part of his consideration. There is many a bold hunter, and many a sure shot, who must be hardly pressed by hunger before they would put a barn-door fowl to death with their own hands. This may seem strange; but we are all more the slaves of habit and imagination, than the free followers of reason.

On these points I rest my apology, which will at last be superfluous to sportsmen, and unconvincing to those who are not sportsmen; for, to be quite candid, I must add, that the dying quarry is sometimes placed in such circumstances, especially to the courser and shooter, as must be painful to the man of humanity. This is well illustrated by the different observations of Xenophon and Arrian on the death of the hare. Xenophon, who describes hunting the hare by hounds, and who must have followed on foot among the woody mountains of Greece, and consequently could be seldom in at the death, enumerates that circumstance as one among the extatic pleasures of the

the chase, of which he speaks in the warmest terms. Arrian, who was a courser, and pursued his sport in an open country on horseback, and was consequently often with the greyhounds when they killed the game, agrees with Xenophon in all his praises of the diversion, except the death, which he says is rather disgusting than pleasing. Indeed he carried this to an excess; for he says he could not help sometimes beating his dogs when they killed a hare that had run well; though he allows, in another place, that they should be encouraged and caressed on such an occasion; and it is not less surprising that Somervile should select that particular circumstance in the death of the hare, that renders it most painful to the man of humanity:

"———— Round inclos'd
By all the giddy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath."

J. J. B.

SPORTING ARTS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE constantly increasing accumulation of scientific efforts for the promotion of perfection in the graphic art cannot be unknown to you, as is sufficiently demonstrated by the judicious and impartial remarks the public always receive from your useful and entertaining publication. Amidst the general applause bestowed upon many literary productions recently issued and constantly emerging from the press, as the long list of veterinary disquisitions, the "Sporting Tours," "Sporting Dictionary," the "Sportsman's Cabinet," and others too numerous to particularize, it may, with your permission, not be thought inapplicable to anticipate a work of art which is so soon to appear before the public. Representations of racing transactions upon the turf, have always been high in attraction, and considered objects worthy preservation, by the most distinguished sporting amateurs in the kingdom. Gentlemen of this description will, in all probability, derive some degree of gratification from the united efforts of Marshall and Cookes, whose abilities, as artists, though not of many years initiation, are already known to the superior classes of society. Under the patronage of whom will appear, in the month of April, a pair of sporting prints of the first size and description, representing the distinct portraits of Hap-Hazard and Muly Moloch, those fine and favourite horses, the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington, by whom Marshall was engaged to make a journey to Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, where the paintings were taken from the life. These are not delineated in the usual style of unattracting simplicity, equally unattended and unadorned, but embellished with the correct and appropriate portraits of well-known subordinates, who appear in their official capacities, attendant upon each horse, both before and after the race; painted by Marshall, and engraving by Cookes, in the line stroke. They are twenty-four inches by eighteen, and will be ready for delivery on the 22d of April, at three guineas the pair, or proof impressions at four, for which some few will be reserved. From the well-known sterility attendant upon former works of this description, it is but natural to conclude, that

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in the present more enlightened era, these productions will, from their peculiarly distinguishing traits of novelty, lay some claim to public approbation. Upon a supposition that this announcement may prove acceptable to your sporting friends, I transmit it for that purpose, and beg to remain, gentlemen, your friend and constant reader, APELLES.

ON THE

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL NOTES OF BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

TAKING up an Universal Magazine for January 1803 the other day, I happened to cast my eye upon some anecdotes of the lives, manners, &c. of the animal creation, in which a gentleman attempts to prove, that birds have no innate or natural song, but, on being taken from their parents at an early age, brought up by the hand, and not permitted to hear any other bird, they having no natural song of their own, will catch any sound or noise—he does not say within the compass of their voice or note—they happen constantly to hear, and make that their song. For my own part, though I admit that birds brought up in the manner above mentioned, will, and frequently do, catch many harsh and uncouth notes —such as the creeking of a smoke-jack, door-sign, or spinning-wheel —yet I cannot subscribe to his opinions in other respects. I wish I could; but must beg leave to differ from him, as I think I can prove, from thirty years close observation and attention to singing birds, that they, having a natural propensity to sing, will, though they never hear any sound or noise whatsoever that they can any way imitate, make to themselves a song agreeable to, and distinguishable from, their several species; though I will not say it would be exactly like the wild ones of the same species in the field; for I know for certain in some sorts it would not, but in others it would; as for instance a thrush or woodlark, though they never heard the natural song of their parents, yet they would naturally sing like them when they came of mature age, and to be perfect in their song; so also would a bulfinch and goldfinch; but the linnet, sky-lark, canary, and blackbird, frequently differ very materially from their parents in their wild state; yet not so much but that a connoisseur in singing birds could readily tell when he heard them sing, though he did not see them, of what species of birds they were. For myself I can say that I believe I have been at as much pains with singing birds for these last thirty years, perhaps, as any man in the united kingdom, having taught almost all sorts of singing birds to pipe tunes, which they would go through in as perfect a manner as I or any other man could do them; for I flatter myself there are very few men in the kingdom that can imitate the sound or note of singing birds in the manner that I can. Yet I always find, though I take my birds from the nest, at a very early age, and never let them hear any thing but what I whistle to them, it is impossible to beat some of them out of their own innate or natural song, though I bestow ever so much pains with them; whilst others will readily learn exactly to pipe the tune I wish to inculcate. And to obviate an opinion that birds will catch the wild notes of their parents whilst nestlings, I will here set down my method.

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If I have a mind to teach a nest of canaries—for I can teach three or four birds at a time as well as one—I generally breed them myself, and choose the last nest in the season, for these two reasons: the last being late in the season, it frequently happens the old birds are just bordering upon moulting-time, and therefore the cock never sings at all from the time they are hatched to the time of my taking them away—for I always rear them by the hand, that they may be familiar—so I am certain they cannot learn any thing from him; the other reason is, they come of age for teaching just at a time when there is short days, and, consequently, long nights, and plenty of candle-light, by which light I generally teach them. And though this is the method I constantly practise, yet, as I have before hinted, some of them, in spite of all my exertions, will whistle nothing but what comes natural to them; which has made me conclude, they not only have an innate natural song, but some of them, like the human species, have twice the understanding and abilities that others have. Now, as I have no occasion, nor indeed inclination, to teach any more birds, having now got a linnet that sings the Roast Beef of Old England, which, with a little of my assistance, has taught a canary to do the same; besides a lark that performs also Foot's Minuet, together with a great many of its own natural notes, and which will, at any future period, teach me others; and having no wish that so curious and pleasing an art, which I think I have brought to the greatest perfection, should be lost, and which many of my brother bird-fanciers have been desirous of learning of me in vain, I have some thoughts of spending my next leisure hour in writing down the whole history of my art, for insertion, if this meets with a favourable reception, in the Sporting Magazine; until when I remain, &c.

J. POWELL.

THE HONEY-MOON.

A NEW COMEDY.

Drury-lane, Jan. 31.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Aranza	Mr. Elliston.
Count Montalvi	Mr. Bartley.
Ronaldo	Mr. Bannister.
Balthasar	Mr. Wroughton.
Jacques	Mr. Collins.
Surgeon	Mr. Mathews.
Peasant	Mr. Purser.
Juliana	Miss Duncan.
Eugenia	Miss De Camp.
Volante	Miss Mellon.
Hostess	Mrs. Sparks.

THE scene lies in Spain or Portugal, the author has not told us positively which, but there is nothing of novelty in the plot. The Duke of Aranza becomes enamoured of Juliana, one of the daughters of Balthasar, whose equality is not sufficiently defined: she is drawn as proud, wayward, and capricious, impatient of controul, and exacting obedience from her future lord. To curb this impetuous spirit, the duke, after the marriage ceremony had been performed, removes her, under pretence of taking her to his castle, to a lowly cottage, where, exercising an honest artifice, he informs her that he is no duke, but a poor and needy man. The high spirit of the lady, ill brooking this falling off of her taste, becomes rebellious, and the duke, in the exercise of his privilege, has recourse to the harsh expedient of putting his *better half*

under

under constraint; or, in more homely but intelligible language, locking her up. From this, after having previously contrived to communicate her disappointment and situation to her father, she is liberated by the husband; and she, with his consent, is allowed to go where she pleases. The first use she makes of her liberty is to hasten to the duke's palace, for the purpose of obtaining redress. She is here introduced to the presence of Jacques, one of the duke's domestics, who, during the absence of his master, assumes all his state and authority. The duke enters in humble guise, and a scene of recrimination takes place, in which Jacques acts as arbiter; who at last decides, that Juliana should return with her husband to pass the honey-moon with him, at the termination of which, if she did not acknowledge herself satisfied, a divorce should be granted to her. The duke, in the course of that time, effects an alteration in her sentiments and disposition, and happily moulds them to his will. Her father repairs to the cottage, and claims satisfaction for the imposition practised on his daughter, and insists on carrying her to the duke. Her obedience to her husband predominates over her duty to her parent, and she refuses to go, except with his concurrence. This she obtains, and Balthasar and his daughter repair to his castle when the denoument takes place, and Juliana finds that she has really wedded the rightful Duke of Aranza, and that all her mortifications were but a trial of her obedience and affection.

This is the principal incident; but there are some minor occurrences subservient to it, which conduce to the completion of the story. Juliana has two sisters, one of whom, Volante, is beloved by Count Montalvi, friend to the duke, and the confidant of his secret; the other, Eugenia, conceives a violent passion for Captain Ronaldo, a nominal woman-hater, but possessing in reality an ardent and romantic passion for the sex, and to whom she attaches herself in the capacity of a page. Dismissed from that employment, she manages to put herself in his way attired as a female, and after the necessary explanations, and mutual avowal, attachment takes place. In the sequel, Montalvi and Ronaldo are united to the sisters of Juliana, and the comedy terminates.

Without being so unjust as to deny that this novel, or rather revived style of comedy, was received with considerable and merited applause, we feel it our duty to declare, that it possesses not the least originality in point of plot, incident, sentiment, or character. The author, is entitled to the praise of possessing reading and ingenuity enough to *compile* with judgment and with taste. There is not one of the prominent characters in the play which has not its prototype either in the comedies of Shakespear, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and even of Farquhar. Aranza is copied from Petruchio, and Ronaldo is a heterogenous mixture of Benedict and Duratéle, in the comedy of "The Inconstant." Juliana is a kind of second-hand Catherine; and the disguised page is one of those whining love-lorn damsels, one of whom are generally to be found in the comedies of the earlier ages. Without possessing, therefore, the least originality in the essential constituents to dramatic composition, we sti'l think it but just to observe, that the Honey-moon is a rational and pleasing comedy, and a happy imitation of the times of Beaumont and Fletcher.

A dance being introduced in one of

of the scenes, Elliston and Miss Duncan shewed so much address in it, that they procured an *encore*. Bannister, Miss Mellon, and Miss De Camp, deserve many thanks from the author. The play was unanimously applauded throughout; but there appeared to be a band of friends in the house, who went very near to provoking some displeasure by their zeal. This comedy has been published; and as the prologue intimated, it appears that the author, a Mr. J. Tobyn, is no more.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A MELO DRAMA.

Drury-lane, Tuesday, Feb. 12.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Donald Maclean	Mr. H. Johnston.
Dugald Maclean	Mr. Raymond.
Campbell	Mr. De Camp.
Sandy	Mr. Bannister.
Argyle	Mr. Dignum.
Lady Maclean	Mrs. Powell.
Moggy	Mrs. Harlowe.

THE story, which is laid in Scotland, is very simple in its construction, Donald Maclean is the laird or chieftan of his clan. Dugald, actuated by ambition and avarice, arrives to inspire his brother with the most jealous suspicions of his wife's fidelity, and finally prevails upon him to send her out to sea under the care of a wretch who has consented to become his instrument, and who, in pursuance of his instructions, leaves her upon a barren rock, which is overflowed by the sea at high water, and where, it is supposed, she must infallibly perish. In the mean time, he prepares poison for his brother, in the hope of succeeding, by means of his death, to all the honours and possessions of his house. By mistake, however, he takes the poison which he had prepared for his brother and dies, after ineffectually attempting to stab Donald. Sandy, a fisherman, whom Dugald had faithlessly endeavoured to persuade to aid him in his crime, finding that some one has been taken to the rock, and suspecting who it is, immediately launches out his boat in a tremendous storm, accompanied by one of his sons, and succeeds in rescuing Lady Maclean from her perilous situation. Donald, in the interim, gives out that his lady had died suddenly, and orders her funeral to be prepared, to which he invites all the Campbells. The latter come armed, headed by Campbell, the brother of Lady Maclean, in disguise, who had previously arrived in that part of the country, having been saved from shipwreck by Sandy. Campbell discovers himself, and after reproaching Donald with the suspicious circumstances attending his sister's supposed death, challenges him to single combat. They are about to fight, and the clans to fall upon each other, when Lady Maclean rushes in—a reconciliation takes place between her and her husband, as well as between all other parties, and the piece concludes.

It will be easily seen that these materials are capable of being worked up into an interesting drama, but we cannot say that the author has made the most of them. Some of the situations are certainly by no means deficient in interest; but the character of Dugald is so much overcharged, as to throw a shadow over the piece. In the scene where Dugald is brought in dying—and in that state, instead of expressing the slightest contrition, attempts to stab his brother, at the same time expressing

pressing only rage and disappointment that his crimes had been fruitless, intermingled with curses upon his brother—the author has evidently mistaken the horrid for the pathetic. The scene was revolting to the feelings of the audience, who were generally disgusted, and expressed their disapprobation by repeated hisses. Notwithstanding this, however, the piece is, in many respects, well managed, although the idea of introducing a child to tell tales against her mother, is by no means a happy one.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters, and contributed, by every means in their power, to the support of the piece. There are two songs in it, which are allotted to Dignum, but which might as well be left out, as they have no connection with the piece, nor any merit in themselves. The music is trivial, and the audience seemed to think that there was rather too much of the bagpipe.

Some of the scenery is very beautiful, particularly the sea during a violent storm, at the end of the second act, when the scene very happily drops, leaving the audience in suspence for the fate of Lady Maclean, for the purpose of attempting whose deliverance Sandy has embarked.

Some disapprobation was manifested during the performance, but when Mr. Johnstone came forward to announce it for a second representation, the storm raged with so much violence that all his efforts failed in endeavouring to make himself heard. However, the piece having undergone some judicious curtailments, has since been repeated alternately with other pieces, and is much more favourably received than at first. Mr. Holcroft is generally taken for the author.

TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY.

A NEW COMEDY.

Covent Garden, Saturday, Feb. 16.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Danberry	Mr. Munden.
Sir Oswin Mortland	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Willowear	Mr. Farley.
Mr. Lavensforth	Mr. Cooke.
Amos	Mr. Brunton.
Lady Susan Courtly	Mrs. Glover.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland	Mrs. Davenport.
Hester	Miss Shuttleworth.

THE FABLE.

In the early part of his life, Mr. Lavensforth had been governor of a British settlement, but, impeached in the senate by Sir Oswin Mortland, was obliged to quit his country, leaving his only child—Hester—in the care of a Mr. Ashdale, whose name she bears, and by whom she is brought up.

Mrs. Sarah Mortland, having seen this young lady at a ball, is much prepossessed in her favour, and gives her a general invitation to her brother's house. Solicited in marriage by a man she could not love, whose addresses, seconded by the authority of her guardian, she was compelled to yield to, Hester sought, by flight, to avoid the hated match, and availed herself of Mrs. Sarah's invitation. That Lady, knowing the aversion of her brother to the company of strangers, particularly to that of the ladies, is much embarrassed, and, in relating the cause of Hester's flight to her brother, she endeavours to excite his pity, and succeeds.

Mr. Willowear—Hester's lover—having discovered her asylum, waits upon Sir Oswin, requesting him to return the young lady to her guardian, which the baronet promises to do, if Hester cannot clear up her conduct to him.

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In this interview with Hester, Sir Oswin is captivated by the simplicity of her manners, and feels a warm attachment for the young fugitive, who, on her part, is no less prepossessed in favour of Sir Oswin; and when Mr. Willowear waits upon him again, he persuades that gentleman to relinquish all hopes of Hester, and to pay his addresses to Lady Susan Courtly, whom Sir Oswin's uncle—Lord Danberry—is pressing him to marry.

Mr. Lavensforth, about this time arriving in England, lives secluded in a cottage. He is acquainted by Mr. Ashdale with the circumstances of his daughter's flight, which awakens his revenge, and he orders his black servant—Amos—to watch the motions of Sir Oswin, and writes to Hester to come to him. Hester obeys the summons, and takes leave of Sir Oswin, to return to her father; but he, fearing she is to meet another lover, resolves to accompany her.

Upon the road they are met by Amos, who accidentally discovering Sir Oswin, fires at and wounds him. Sir Oswin's horse takes fright, and bears his master to the cottage of Lavensforth, who, roused by the call of help, runs to the stranger's assistance, binds up his wounds, and leads him into his dwelling. Amos arriving, relates what has happened, and Lavensforth discovers that he has his enemy in his power, but disdains to injure him while under his roof. Hester's arrival dissipates the anger of Lavensforth; that young lady relating to her father the kindness of Sir Oswin, and the protection he had afforded her, he is reconciled to her, and the parties set out together on their return to Sir Oswin's house.

Sir Oswin's servant having first reached home, and related what had passed on the road, Mrs. Sarah communicates the intelligence to Lady Susan Courtly, who, supposing him dead, listens to the proposals of Mr. Willowear, and thereby releases Sir Oswin from an extorted promise of marriage, when Mr. Lavensforth, Sir Oswin, and Hester, arrive.—An explanation takes place, Lord Danberry is pleased with Lavensforth, who, in return for the protection which Sir Oswin had afforded to Hester, gives him his daughter's hand.

The comedy under examination, fully proves the undiminished talents of Mrs. Inchbald in the dramatic delineation of life and manners. If, in the present production, there is not very much of novelty, or rathar of originality, there is at least a considerable degree of mirth and pleasantry, with occasional appeals to sentiment and feeling. The dialogue is very simple but correct and chaste.

The fable that we have detailed embraces every material object.—Of the performers, we must first notice Miss Shuttleworth, in her first appearance, who represented Hester; she is a very genteel young woman, of promising talent; she has had a good education, and is the daughter of a physician, who died at the Cape of Good Hope, in the service of his country. She seems to have taken Mrs. H. Johnston for a model, and in time may equal her prototype.

Kemble was received in a complimentary manner on the recovery from his late illness:—the character, in some parts, gave opportunity for a display of his great and acknowledged abilities. He is indisputably a good representative of a cynical old batchelor—but from Mr. John Kemble—and we may say, any of the family, as lovers—"Good Lord deliver us!"—and this we say in the religious language of the piece.

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We join in opinion with a critic who remarks, that his pauses were so insufferably long, as to give the piece the air of pantomime; yet his studied solemnity had one good effect, it was a substitute for humour, and produced as much laughter as the most sparkling wit. His bye-play was most excellent.

The play was announced for repetition with hearty congratulation; and the trifling imperfection that appeared on Saturday night, is no longer a subject of complaint. On the contrary, the repetition of the new comedy, with the most unanimous approbation of elegant and crowded audiences, renders it fairly entitled to all the applause and approbation that it has received. This drama is indeed of considerable interest, and if it possesses less of that broad and dashing humour which distinguishes many of the new pieces, it has, however, to boast of propriety of sentiment, elegance of dialogue, and purity of moral. Mrs. Inchbald's wish in this, as in most of her dramas, seems to be to make the stage the school for correct and good manners. The comedy has been judiciously improved; and the acting is very, very good. Miss Shuttleworth, the young *protegée*, we understand, of Mrs. Inchbald, evinces talents of the most promising kind, and displays a gradual improvement.

UNSKILFUL DRIVING.

Court of King's Bench.

Hawes, v. Edon.

THIS was an action brought before Sir S. Lawrence, Feb. 15, to recover damages for the injury done to the plaintiff's horse and chaise by the careless and negligent driving of the defendant's coach, the public stage to and from Richmond to London.

Mr. Garrow, as counsel for the plaintiff, said, he had to complain of one of those numerous injuries which constantly occurred upon the public roads about the metropolis, occasioned by the brutal negligence of those public nuisances; he meant the drivers of the short stages in and out of London. The plaintiff, he said, was a gentleman of known respectability, and he might add, the friend of the human race. He had only occasion to pronounce the name of Dr. Hawes, and the Jury would instantly recollect, that his great anxiety and endeavours to preserve drowned persons had not only saved the lives of hundreds, but had rendered his name illustrious for humanity. The defendant, he said, was the proprietor of the Richmond stage-coach, whose servant had occasioned the injury complained of. The plaintiff, he said, was returning home in his chaise, accompanied by his wife, who was advanced in years, and had reached the weigh-bridge, near Hyde Park Corner, when he found of a sudden the Richmond long stage close up with him. It was impossible he should incline more than he had to the left hand side of the road, he being at the time close in with the footpath. However, the stage came on, *quizzing the Doctor*, and in negligently passing him, brought the fore wheel of the stage and the wheel of the chaise in contact, overturned the plaintiff and his wife, and then drove on, making sport at the mischief. The consequence was, said the learned counsel, that the plaintiff and his wife were very much bruised, and the chaise was dashed in pieces, the horse having made off with it after it

it was turned over. The horse was likewise materially injured.

A witness, named James, was called into the box to describe the transaction. He swore that he saw the stage-coach run against the Doctor's chaise, turn the horse "*clean*" round, and "*capsize*" the chaise. The horse endeavoured to extricate himself from the chaise, and ran across the road. He presently came in contact with some posts, broke the shafts from the body, and fell upon the pavement, cutting both his knees in a dreadful way. He rose again, and ran down Grosvenor-place, with the shafts hanging to the traces; he saw no more of him. On his cross-examination, he said that he did not see what part of the stage first struck the chaise; he was on the opposite side of the way, and "could not see through the coach."

Mrs. Hurdley said, she was attracted by the plaintiff and his wife before the stage-coach came up: they were proceeding in a jog-trot way, and it reminded her of the Gloucestershire way of travelling. They were unlike the fashionables she had just before seen in their chaises, as they appeared happy and comfortable. While she was contemplating them, the Richmond stage drove alongside them, overturned the chaise, and threw the Doctor and his lady upon the foot-path. She ran to their assistance, placed the old lady first in a chair, then in a hackney coach, and proceeded as far as the British coffee-house with them. She did not see the coachman get off his box to render her assistance, but she thought from his gestures before the accident that he was deriding their singular appearance.

Several other witnesses were examined as to the damage done to the horse and chaise.

Mr. Erskine contended, that the accident had arisen not from the coachman's carelessness or negligence, but from the plaintiff's unskilfulness. He knew the Doctor extremely well, and though he was a great and good man, yet he might be a bad coachman. It was more than probable that, the moment before the accident, he was in a philosophical reverie, returning thanks to Heaven for the many fellow creatures he had saved from death, or profoundly thinking upon some improvement in the art of resuscitation: in short, he was driving along as unconscious of danger, and knowing no more of the matter than a man did at the bottom of a pond of persons being employed in dragging for him. But he would call the defendant's witnesses, who would most satisfactorily explain how the accident did happen.

The learned counsel then called the driver of the coach, and William Stubbs, a carver and gilder, Henry Legg, a waiter at the Piazza Coffee-house, and William Jones, a teacher of music, all outside passengers, who agreed in stating, that the accident was occasioned by the plaintiff's want of skill. The fore wheel of the coach, they said, had passed the wheel of the chaise, when on a sudden the plaintiff, who was sitting on his wrong side, pulled the horse's head away from the coach, and instead of slackening his rein, that the animal might have sprung forward, checked him, and backed the chaise against the hind wheel of the stage, when, to use the expression of the coachman, "over she came, as gently as if he had only let a stick fall."

Mr. Justice Lawrence observed, that the question was, whether the plaintiff's injury arose from the careless driving of the defendant's coachman, or from any other cause.

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If it did not arise from the carelessness of the coachman, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover as against the defendant. The jury, he said, had nothing to do with the humane labours of the plaintiff in behalf of his fellow creatures; nor could they embark into the cause of the misconduct of stage coachmen. They must confine themselves to the facts proved, and let alone supposition or prejudice. They had some very conflicting testimony to deal with, and it was their business to say on which side the truth lay. The statement of the plaintiff's witnesses might be reconciled, as they were not near enough to speak with certainty as to the real cause of the collision, but they must believe all the defendant's witnesses *perjured* before they could find a verdict for the plaintiff.

The jury turned round for a short time, and found a verdict for the defendant.

PUGILISM.

YOUNG CRIB AND TOM BLAKE.

ON Friday February 15, a pitched battle was fought at Blackheath, for a purse of 40 guineas, between Tom Blake and Young Crib, well known pugilists. Crib has fought many successful battles, and since he beat Maddox, at Wood's-green, last month, he has been accounted the British Champion. Blake has been long looked on as a bottom-man, and his victorious battle with Holmes, at Wilsdon green, twelve months since, has ranked him high among the pugilists. The parties have been a month in training, and it was not known until a late hour on Thursday night when and where the fight would take place.

Early yesterday morning the lovers of the pugilistic art repaired in flocks to the seat of action, where an immense ring was formed, and at eleven o'clock the champions entered, attended by their seconds: for Crib, Richard the Black and Joe Norton; and for Blake, Dick Hall and —— Webb. Bets were nearly level, though the odds were in favour of Crib, from his tried strength, agility, and skill. At setting to the champions met each other eagerly, and some very hard blows were struck on both sides. During a quarter of an hour there was no variation in the bets, each of the combatants having displayed unprecedented science. Crib, however, was much the longest reached, and it was only when Blake could get within his guard that he was successful. The fight continued nearly equal until they had fought upwards of an hour, when Blake appeared fatigued, and the odds were much against him. He however fought with his usual skilful intrepidity, although he was seldom enabled to put in a blow with effect, from the very shifty manœuvres of his opponent. The fight continued in favour of Crib, until within two rounds of its termination, when Blake used all his efforts, and gave his opponent some clean straight hits about the head. Crib, however, rallied, but Blake recovered and returned the rally, in doing which he over reached himself, and Crib gave him a cross-buttock. Blake fought two rounds after to disadvantage, when he reluctantly resigned the contest, being unable to stand on his legs, and bearing marks of some very heavy blows. He was completely beaten, and Crib exhibited some marks of his opponent's skill. The battle lasted one hour and forty minutes.

The company present were generally of the better order, though the

the carriages of the noblemen and gentlemen were mixed with hackney coaches and dust carts. Among the pugilists were Belcher, Ward, Pittoon, Bourke, Wood, Mendoza, Holmes, Maddox, &c. After the contest was decided, several gentlemen amateurs offered to back Crib against any pugilist who should accept it: none such, however, appeared; and from his superior strength and knowledge of boxing, he may be safely ranked the champion of the day.

TUESDAY morning, the 12th, about nine o'clock, a pitched battle was fought behind the Ben Johnson's Head, Stepney-fields, between Sam Elseworth, butcher, in Shadwell, and Ned ——, a navigator, belonging to the London Docks, for two guineas a-side, which lasted one hour and seven minutes; and after forty-six rounds, Elseworth gave in, being unable to move. There were several hundred spectators present on the occasion. Elseworth was taken home in a very bad state; in consequence of which he died on Wednesday morning. He has left a wife and four children behind him. The survivor and seconds absconded.

MR. JOHN FULLER,

Clerk of the Course at Newmarket.

THE annexed Etching, from a Sketch by Mr. Marshall, requires no other explanation than the words under the plate. Mr. Fuller was formerly training groom to Sir Charles Bunbury, and no doubt owes his present situation to a faithful discharge of his duty while in the service of that high and respectable character.

NEW PUBLICATION.

A GENERAL Treatise on Cattle; the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine: comprehending their Breeding, Management, Improvement, and Diseases. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lord Somerville. By John Lawrence, Author of the "New Farmer's Calender, Modern Land Steward, &c. &c." Symonds.

We reviewed the second edition of Mr. Lawrence's Treatise on Horses, at considerable length in our former numbers. In the first volume of that work, originally published in 1796, page 4, there appears to be a promise to the public, which the author has, in the greater part, made good in the present. He engaged, conditionally with the success and public approbation of his Treatise on Horses, to publish, at some future period, a treatise on the particular branch of the stud, or of breeding horses; also on the breeding and rearing of live stock in general, including pigs and domestic poultry. Thus there seems something farther to be expected from his pen on these subjects; however, he has generally encircled them in his "Treatise on Horses, New Farmer's Calendar, Modern Land Steward, and General Treatise on Cattle."

The present work is dedicated to Lord Somerville, we believe, an avowed patron and friend of the author; and, although the dedication be short, we conceive it would be difficult to select terms more comprehensively honourable to the noble lord, than—"The real patriot, and friend of man; the steady, active, and indefatigable promoter of the agricultural interests of his country."—And this the whole country will echo back to Lord Somerville. On the general character of Mr. Lawrence's writings we

Etched from a sketch by Marshall.

Mr. John Fuller, Clerk of the Course at Newmarket.

Pub. March 1. 1798, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

we need not dilate, they have been long before the public; and he is generally esteemed the most successful writer, on country affairs, of the present time. He always aims at being comprehensive, and he is strictly practical; professing to avoid those theories and refinements of science, which, however ultimately productive of utility from the closest labours of the philosopher, serve only, in their theoretic state, to embarrass and lead astray the mere practical man. Writing entirely for the use of such, he seems studiously to have avoided all artificial ornaments of style, affecting correctness and perspicuity solely; his language is yet generally pure, with some exceptions, perhaps necessarily induced by the subject, and, in the structure of his periods, he has evidently paid considerable attention to that harmony of composition, so generally required even by the most superficial readers of the present polished times. The Treatise on Horses however is, in some degree, an exception to this rule, including philosophical disquisitions on the moral duties, and pretending to the character of a work of amusement as well as of utility; thence the author has allowed himself a greater latitude in respect to the style and composition.

The treatise before us is extremely full and particular, embracing almost every relative topic which can interest the attention of a practical man. Form, breeding, improvement, various modes of feeding, summer and winter care, purchase and sale, dairying, suckling, folding, and shearing of sheep, beside which generals, the most valuable accounts extant are given of the merits of ox-labour, and of the present state of the fine wool improvement in this country, upon the whole continent, and in new South Wales. The author's connections have enabled him to speak with experimental decission on these important branches of rural economy. The work concludes with a dissertation on animal medicine, in which quacks and pretenders of every species, from the mere college theorist, down to the advertising doctor, and the cow-leech, who leaves an account of his famous practice to be published after his death, although in his life time, he could neither read nor write, are, according to the usual custom of this author, by no means spared. As to the administration of medical remedies to cattle, Mr. L. speaks, professedly from his own observation, with much distrust and caution, giving, and with reason, in our opinion, a decided preference to the remedy of prevention. He however offers prescriptions, and methods of treatment, for all the known diseases of those animals of which he treats, and proposes a plan for the establishment of regular veterinary medicine throughout the country, certainly one of the greatest wants in our cattle system: for the nature of our author's proposal we refer our readers to the work itself.

With a very slight dash of natural history, which we presume the author judged of small use in a practical treatise, an account is introduced of the various species of cattle, as they are found in various countries. A knowledge of these is necessary for the purpose of selection with the view of improvement, and to this plan we, in a great measure, owe the present superior form and quality of our live stock. Mr. L. every where strongly opposes the popular notion that radical changes are wrought in the bodies of animals by the influence of soil and climate, or that accidental defects can be perpetuated by copulation.

On that head much very curious argumentation, supported by facts, is

is to be found interspersed in various parts of the work. The works of different authors, ancient and modern, are brought in review, and their opinions estimated by practical tests. Mr. L. has been by no means forgetful of his old and favourite topic of humanity to animals; embarked ourselves in the same just cause, we most heartily wish him additional success, sincerely congratulating him on that portion his labours have already attained. Previously to the appearance of his Treatise on Horses, the *owner* of a beast might, with impunity, and even legally, inflict the most horrid tortures upon it, the penalty of the law only attaching to the injury done to another man's property. Mr. L. proposed as a material branch of justice, that the *rights of beasts*—their title to justice in a moral view—should be placed in the protection of the civil magistrate, which has been since complied with: in the metropolis, to a certain degree, several magistrates having punished offenders in this way, notwithstanding the old plea of their property in the animals which they had used with cruelty. This circumstance cannot be too much known, and particularly a strict attention ought to be paid to those who purchase poor worn-out horses for slaughter, the miseries suffered by which exceed all belief. But it is time to make a few quotations as a specimen of the work.

Pa. 16. The period of gestation with the cow, having a bull calf, is, according to the average of my own accounts, two hundred and eighty-seven days, or forty one weeks, with the variation of a few days either way; a cow calf comes in about a week less time.

The horns of cattle are general designations of distinction and variety, and are supposed to denote particular qualities. Thus English bullocks are distinguished as long, half long, short, and middle-horned, wide and broad horned, polled or hornless. The grand distinctions, however, are the long and short horned, which seem generally implicated with peculiar properties of milk and hide. Thus the long horned cows produce a richer milk, in course a greater proportional quantity of butter and cheese, and a thicker hide than the short horned, which last, however, afford larger quantities both of milk, beef, and tallow. The flesh of the long horns is generally more compact and solid, and finer in the grain, than that of the short; whilst in the last particular, fineness of grain, they are both far excelled by several middle horned varieties.

Pa. 29. By improvement of the breed of animals, is meant the gradual change of form and property in their progeny, until they shall arrive, as nearly as possible, to a certain standard of presumed perfection. This is to be effected on the principle of like producing like, by a conjuction of male and female of the desired species, form, and properties, some steps or points being gained in every procreation. The male, of course, being able to multiply his likeness to such an extent, must be the prime instrument in the business; it is therefore of the utmost consequence that he be thorough-bred or thorough-shaped; and the female ought to be selected with the strictest care, since although her qualities cannot be considered of so great consequence as those of the male, her likeness being restricted to an individual or two, yet it must not be forgotten, that perfection is not to be attained but from perfection on both sides: in this particular the common breeders are liable to err, confining their attention usually to the male.

(*To be continued.*)

COURSING.

COURSING MEETINGS.
1805.

NEWMARKET.

MONDAY, *February* 11.—*Chevely Field.*

MR Tyssen's Truth, against Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Galwey's Hermione beat Mr Tharp's Goodenough, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr. Galwey's Hero beat Mr. More's (Mr. Redhead's) Miss, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Swift, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Snake, 1g and 1 bye, undecided.—Sir John Sebright's Phenomenon paid forfeit to Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock.

TUESDAY.—*Chippenham Field.*

Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) —— beat Mr Galwey's hero, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr More's (Mr Wainwright's) Toby beat Mr Lovelace's Music, 1g.—Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Swift, against Mr Hammond's Whirligig, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Hammond's Waxy against Mr Tyssen's Tug, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock beat Mr Tyssen's Trophy, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Micklethwayte's Jethro beat Mr Tyssen's Theodore, 1g.—Mr Tharp's Grossicre beat Mr Hammond's Wildfire.—Mr James's Roderick beat Sir Patrick Blake's Black-cap, 1g and 2 bye.

WEDNESDAY.—*Stetchworth and Dullingam Fields.*

Sir Patrick Blake's Britannia beat Mr James's Rarity, 1g and 4 bye.—Mr Galwey's Hermione against Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) Filch, 1g undecided.—Mr Galwey's Hebe (Lady) beat Mr Tyssen's (Lacey's) Tom Tit, 1g.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr James's Rosemary, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Mr James's Robinhood against Mr Tyssen's Tallyho, 1g; undecided.—Mr Micklethwayte's Jupiter beat Mr Tyssen's Mademoiselle, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Snake, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr James's Rosemary beat Mr Page's Kosciusko (Second Course), 1g.

THURSDAY.—*Chippenham Field.*

Mr Hammond's Whirligig received forfeit from Mr Dover's Duchess, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Hero beat Mr Tharp's Grossicre, 1g.—Mr Hammond's Waxy beat Sir Patrick Blake's Black-cap, 1g.—Mr Galwey's Hermione beat Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) Filch, 1g.—Sir Patrick Blake's Britannia beat Mr Lovelace's Maiden, 1g.—Mr Lovelace's Miss against Sir Patrick Blake's Bustler, 1g; undecided.—Mr Hammond's Whirligig beat Mr More's Snake, 1g.

FRIDAY.—*Chevely Field.*

Mr Hammond's Waxy beat Mr Tyssen's Trimmer, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr Micklethwayte's Jethro, 1g.——Mr Hammond's Whirligig beat Mr More's Active, 1g.—Mr. Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Dover's Daisy, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Trophy beat Mr Breton's Skyscraper, 1g.——Mr Hammond's Whirligig against Mr Galwey's Hillesberg; undecided.

MALTON.

MALTON.

A CONTINUED thaw of four days brought on this meeting very unexpectedly, and by which means some of the distant members were disappointed of their attendance, and some were sent for express. On Tuesday morning, about twelve members appeared, and the prize cup, as the first thing of the meeting, was run for as follows;

Major Topham's black dog, Snowdrop, by Snowball 1
Mr. Best's blue dog, Walter... 2
Mr. Croft's brindled dog, Tyger 3
Mr. Monson's black and white dog, Major 4

The course, entirely over swarth, was a very fine and a very long one, and was run beautifully by the whole four dogs. The hare, after a run of about a mile and a half, was killed.

About six matches were then run, of which Mr. Broadly was the winner, of one a head. Hares, from the stormy weather, were scarce on the Wold.

WEDNESDAY.—*A Bye-day.*

Six matches for a large sum, were run this day betwixt Mr. Darley, producing six greyhounds, got by Snowball, out of Dent; against Mr. Flint, five greyhounds, got by Major, brother to Snowball, and one old dog, purchased some time ago by Mr Percival, got by Snowball, which terminated as under:—

Mr Darley 2
Mr Flint 2
Uundecided 2

After this, a match for 40 guineas betwixt Mr Lascelles's red and white dog, and Major Topham's black dog, Ambrosia, was run: it was a very short course; the hare being killed immediately by Ambrosio.—Given undecided.—

We are requested to insert the following, respecting the match betwixt Mr Lascelles's red and white dog, and Major Topham's black dog. Mr Lascelles's dog turned the hare, fell, got up, passed the Major's dog, and killed the hare at the fence. Mr Boulton, the judge, told the gentlemen he should not determine that course, it being for a large sum, and the course being so very short.

Very fine running was shewn by Mr Darley's and Mr Flint's dogs—borrowed of Mr Percival—but it appeared the match was made even on the part of Mr Flint, by the very superior running of the old dog—got by Snowball—who won his course in a very grand style.

Sir M. M. Sykes's foxhounds, to a large field of above one hundred horsemen, threw of at Helingley, and killed a brace of foxes.—The Malton meeting, on the second day, was very numerously attended.

MILITARY STAG-HOUNDS.
IPSWICH.

ON the 15th inst. the officers of North York regt. turned off a deer at Kesgrave Bell, where upwards of one hundred horsemen were assembled; the hounds were laid on a quarter of an hour after the deer was enlarged; when taking for Rushmere Heath, he was headed, and made Matlesham, which he left on the left; he was headed again, and the hounds were at check for some time, but being hallooed, he went about seven miles, as the crow flies, to Nacton, where, after a run of an hour and a half, he was taken in Mr. Broke's park, who very handsomely regaled the sportsmen, and they returned home well pleased with the day's sport.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

BON MOT ROYAL.

A SHORT time since, it was found expedient to request of a certain personage, that he would postpone a chase the next day, for the more pressing business of a council. It devolved on Lord H. to propose the change, who, with all possible delicacy, remarked, on looking to the atmosphere, that, with the most humble submission, he thought the weather not very favourable to the sports of the field—"My lord," replied the personage, "you seem to have forgotten that my groom is my chief *hunting minister*, whom I always consult on matters of *hunting*, and not my chief *s——y of st—te.*"

A GENTLEMAN lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady.—"Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a *partridge.*" —"At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make *game* of me."

A POOR man having lately brought an action in a session court, for a sow he had sold, his attorney, after having asked the witness several questions, to establish his case, at last asked him, "Pray, my lad, was the sow delivered?"—"O yes, Sir," cries he, "and the little pigs all alive and well."

A YOUNG lady lately consulted a physician of eminence, on account of some rheumatic pains and a troublesome cough, which she had laboured under ever since the commencement of the cold weather. The prescription was carried by the footman to the apothecary's, as usual. He read it with a smile, and recommended the messenger to take it to a haberdasher's, on the opposite side of the street, as apothecaries did not keep the articles prescribed; upon which the footman inquired what the doctor had ordered, when he was informed by the young Æsculapius, that the prescription run thus:—"Take a good warm Scotch shawl, apply it immediately round the shoulders and chest, add also, *secundem artem*, a stout Welsh flannel petticoat.

THE Rev. Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law peer, retired to ease and independence, as the Rector of ——, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this means he entirely cured the country

try folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—"Render therefore unto all their due."—In explaining his text, he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeds, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you John Trott, since you sold me those sheep six months ago, and have never called for the money."

The son of a shoe-maker holding a commission in a volunteer corps, took occasion, rather arrogantly, to reproach one of the privates, while at exercise, with the awkwardness of his walk. "It is no wonder," replied the private, "as the last pair of *shoes* your *father* made me, pinch so confoundedly, that I find it difficult to walk at all."

By a late sporting occurence—see disputes on the game laws page 238—it seems that some military *sharp-shooters* think there is no making *game* of a lord of a manor without *shooting* him.

A bruiser of Hibernian merit having lately visited New York, in hopes of carrying on his profession, received so little encouragement, that he returned in disgust, declaring that the *Yankees* had no taste for the *fine arts!*

Flying a kite in Ireland is a metaphorical phrase for raising money on accommodation bills; and on a recent occasion, when the Irish Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, inquired into the meaning of the expression, he was informed by Mr. Plunket, the Solicitor-general of that kingdom, "that, in England, the *wind* raises *kites*, but in Ireland *kites raise the wind!*"

The American Congress are *hunting* down Judge *Chase*, and the English House of Lords have just *taken up* Judge *Fox*.

An empiric has lately started at Bolton-le-Moors, who leaves every disciple of Esculapius completely behind. He has last week inserted an advertisement in the Star, in which he modestly asserts, "That he has *found out* the right method of curing inward disorders which was *never found out* before. If any one falls sick of a fever in any part of England, so that they apply in three days, he will be bound to cure them in ten days. The names of fevers are of no consequence, as he will not make above four days difference between the *best* and the *worst*; and he never had a patient died in his life." After this let no one despair.

A club has lately been established in Charlestown, America, which we presume will be no great inducement to the emigration of English ladies: the following is their advertisement:

"Ugly Club.—The anniversary of the Ugly Club, will be at Williams's Tavern, on Wednesday the 18th inst. Dinner on the table at half past three.

N. B. Any ugly gentleman wishing to become a member, will leave his name and qualification at the bar of the tavern. A ballot will be called in favour of two candidates, one with a very large nose, the other with no nose at all."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Thursday, the 14th instant, Lieut. Bridges of the 4th dragoons, engaged for a wager, to trot his poney from the Castle tavern, at Brighton, to Lewes—eight miles—in 26 minutes, which he lost by exceeding the given time two minutes and a half. The performance was nevertheless deemed an extraordinary one.

TUESDAY, the 19th instant, a match was run on Ipswich race ground, between two gentlemen who rode their own horses. It was a four mile heat. In going round the second time, one of the gentlemen's horses bolted; he however gained the course again within two or three posts. His opponent thinking him distanced pulled up to come in easy. The other horse passed him in the mean time, and when near the winning post, the standers by calling out he had gone far enough, and being a stranger to the course, the gentleman dismounted at the cottage, where he had dressed, and not having passed the post, was consequently distanced in his turn. The bet was declared void, and is to be decided on a future day. The horses were in good order; they went the first round in about four minutes and a half, and the four miles in about nine minutes and a quarter.

A RUNNING match against time was on the 6th instant, performed on the Uxbridge Road, by Mr. Vandersteen, an artist, in Bolsover-street, who undertook to go three miles in twelve minutes. It was supposed that he would win the wager when he had performed half the distance; but he was longer going the last mile than the first mile and a half, and he lost the wager without going over all the ground.

ON Tuesday the 5th inst, Lieut. H. of the Royal Fuzileers, engaged for a bet of 100gs. to walk or run from Leeds to Otley, a distance of ten miles, in the space of one hour: he certainly would have performed the journey, had he not had the misfortune to dislocate his ancle at the end of the first three miles, which he completed in twelve minutes; he has again engaged to perform the same match, and vault over the turnpike gates on the road.

ON Monday, January 21, a poney, the property of Mr. Claydon, of Nottingham, started on the Newark Road, to go 18 Miles within the hour, which he performed in 58 minutes and a half.

MR. R. Jones's b. c. Freedom by Buzzard, and Mr. H. F. Mellish's ch. c. Honesty by Overton, are matched to run across the flat at Newmarket, on Monday in the Easter meeting, carrying 8st. 3lb. each, for 100 guineas

INGENUITY of the Spider.—T. A. Knight, Esq. of Herefordshire, well known in the republic of letters, has, in a beautiful little treatise on the culture of the apple and the pear, introduced the following anecdote concerning this curious animal: "I have frequently placed a spider on a small upright stick, whose base is surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends to the point of the stick, and standing

nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the segacious insect effects its escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached at the opposite end. I do not know that this instance of the sagacity of the spider has been noticed by any entomological writer, and I insert it here in consequence of having seen in some periodical publication, a very erroneous account of the origin of the spider's threads which are observed to pass from one tree or bush to another, in dewy mornings."

The gamekeeper of R. S. Lloyd, Esq. of Hintlesham-hall, in Suffolk, lately shot an eagle, which measured, from wing to wing 6 feet 9 inches, and from the head to the tail 2 feet ten inches.

Mr. Frost, gamekeeper to the Right Hon. Lord Gwydir, also shot an eagle in Willoughby Wood, near Alford, Lincolnshire, which measured, when extended, from wing to wing 8 feet and a half; and from the tail to the beak 3 feet and a half.

The Water Ouzel, Sturnus Cinclus of Linnæus, flew into the Town mill of Newbury this winter, and is now preserved in Mr. Lamb's Museum in that town. This very rare and beautiful British bird, though ranked by Linnæus amongst the Starlings, and by Latham amongst the Thrushes, is endowed with the well authenticated peculiar faculty of traversing the gravelly bottoms of rivers with the utmost rapidity in search of its food, insects, and small fish, an occurrence not observed in any of the expert genus of divers.

Thornville Royal.—The statement which appeared in our last Magazine of this fine property of Colonel Thornton being disposed of, is erroneous. It is true that 142,000 guineas were bidden for the first grand lot, consisting of the mansion, pleasure grounds, and estate attached to Thornville Royal, and 13,000 guineas for the wood thereon: several sums were also bidden for the other lots; but the offers were not thought sufficient. The whole property remains unsold, one small lot excepted.—The following has since appeared in the public papers:

"Any person desirous of treating for the great lot, or most of the small lots, may apply to J. Parkinson, Esq. at Wandsworth Common, or at his house in the Borough. Terms more favourable with regard to the times of payment than those specified at the auction may be had, to accommodate the purchaser. Some gentlemen having expressed a desire to become possessors of the whole estate, in order to concentrate all their property, but being unable to accomplish the purchase till the sale of their own estates should take place, the above gentleman is willing to allow time for selling their estates by private contract, or for the passing an act of parliament for the sale of *entailed* property, in order to enable such gentlemen to become purchasers of Thornville Royal; or purchasers may be accommodated with the augmentation or diminution of any of the lots specified in the printed Particulars. For information in the country, apply to Mr. Clutterbuck, Thornville, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, who will shew the estate."

Mr. Thomas Couzens, of Heytesbury, Wilts, is the fortunate owner of one quarter, value five thousand pounds, in the ticket, No. 11,643, drawn a prize of L.20,000 in the present lottery.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

MINE'S not the first by many an humble pen,
That of the week's last night has shewn the charms;
But I shall not describe the joys that men
Find, or in Bacchus', or in Venus' arms.

No such exalted theme shall now be mine;
As the world is, I merely wish to write:
No lofty metaphors with me must shine,
But just a Saturday's events at night.

Now the lorn bachelor with anxious eye,
Peeps through the crevice of his cottage door,
In hopes to see the washerwoman nigh,
Bringing, of linen clean, his Sunday's store.

Now some young lad, whose breeches or whose coat,
Are grown considerably worse by wear,
Impatiently will stretch his crane-like throat,
To see the taylor bring the *bran new pair*.

Now every journeyman mechanic goes,
To get the hard-earned wages of the week;
And oft, like wiseacres, before night's close,
Spend half in drink, because they will not *sneak*.

Some to their *uncle's* will trot-off with speed,
Redeem the garments left there in the lurch;
Then they can walk, or if 'tis so agreed,
Can go, like gentlemen, next day to church.

Some, more sedate, with spousy on their arm,
Trudge to the market for their Sunday's cheer;
Most men supposing life has lost its charm,
If Sunday is depriv'd of beef and beer.

On this eventful eve, each sluttish maid,
Not having time to do it in the day,
Is kneeling seen, as though her pray'rs she said,
Washing before the door, the dirt away.

Now this, good reader, is a serious crime,
And oft inspires my simple soul with dread;
This water turns to ice in winter time,
And throws some sprawling stranger on his head.

Which if 'tis not well fortified with wig,
And Nature has forbid it to be thick,
In it, no doubt, a hole or small or big
Is made, when it salutes the stone or brick.

On this blest night the candlesticks are clean'd,
Both tin and copper saucepans grace the floor;
Scrub is the word, from which no place is screen'd,
Down from the garret, to the cellar door.

The master of the house—but I forget,
He is not master on this cleaning night—
Finding no seat at home that he can get,
For safety takes himself to bed, or flight.

This was my case, for finding all below,
At least with water flooded ancle deep,
And being to rheumatic pains a foe,
I sought my closet, but 'twas not to sleep.

For

For as I keep the key of this said place,
I set me down in comfort there to write;
And for a subject chose—to rhyme's disgrace—
The busy, bustling Saturday, at night.
J. M. L.

MY COT NEAR THE GROVE.

(By the Same.)

I DWELL in a thatch-cover'd cot,
With friendship, Florella, and love;
A streamlet adorns the fair spot,
And glides by my Cot near the Grove.

Its banks are a beautiful green,
Enamell'd with flow'rets so gay;
The streamlet, soft sighing between,
Winds slow to the woodlands away.

Echo dwells in the valley hard by,
And mocks as the cottagers sing;
Repeats the soft tale or the sigh,
That disturbs the still valley in spring.

Green foliage that glitters with dew,
Breathes a soft balmy sweetness around,
Fragrant beds of sweet violets blue,
With daisies, enamel the ground.

What monarch was ever more blest?—
I've friendship, Florella, and love;
A trifle to help the distrest;
And my neat little Cot near the Grove.

THE COT OF MIRTH.

(By the Same.)

HAIL, Winter! social season, hail!
Pleasure lives amidst thy gloom,
Here doth Mirth and Joy prevail,
Here the buds of Friendship bloom.

How cheerful looks the ruddy fire,
How pleasing sounds the merry tale;
Boy, pile the crackling embers higher,
Another foaming can of ale.

Yet closer draw each social seat,
Around the flame-illumin'd hearth;
Let friendship in each bosom beat,
This is the happy Cot of Mirth.

THE PROCTOR'S LEGACY.

(By the Same.)

THOUGH now round this old pair of bellows
Dusty cobwebs so fanciful twine,
They once were a hearty good fellow's,
But he will'd them, and now they are mine.

This closet they now find repose in,
Worn, windless, and wanting repair,
But soon shall they have a new nose in,
Nor longer lie idling there.

Billy Windy, our old bellows-doctor,
Each hole in their body shall mend;
Many years have they puff'd for the proctor,
Many more may they puff for his friend.

TO STREPHON.

(By the Same.)

GO, sigh to the girl of your heart;
Go, whisper your amorous pain;
Go, with faltering accents, impart,
You die a poor love-stricken swain.

I'll haste to the girl that I love;
I'll tell her, kind-hearted and free,
I prize her all others above;
But none of your *dying* for me.

WINTER SPORTS.

WHILE January's cold engend'ring month
In order due prepares to ope the year,
What better theme demands a poet's lays,
While in the social chimney-corner he
Imbibes benignant ale's irriguous draught,
Or puffs the curling, ever-fragant fumes
Of mild Virginia from his taper pipe?
What better theme than black-brow'd Winter's frowns,
Shall then engage his thoughts: demand his strain?

Come,

Come, Winter, come! in velvet mantle clad,
And wrapt in furs, as on some dirty wall
With other seasons three depict, thou shin'st.
Or by the thick-sol'd shoe, and warm surtout,
With waistcoat well-lapell'd notorious—for so clad,
Walks forth the country justice to peruse
The County Chronicle's informing page,
There, while with spectacles on nose he reads
Provision's fatal rise, he sagely tells
The many ills which crowd in winter's train —
Yet these the neighb'ring squire disdains, while he
With many a forward hark! a tallyho!
Pursues sly Renard, with resistless speed,
Through many a distant country and returns
Bearing the daggled brush.——
Or when astringent frost arrests the stream,
And stops the rapid torrent—forth he goes,
Well skill'd his never-failing gun to point,
And wage fierce war against the feather'd tribe;
From hence returning to his social home,
His moated mansion, or his aged hall,
Receives its master, and with plenteous food [brawn,
Rewards his morning's toil: the collar'd
The Christmas pie—by Quaker's held profane—
With more substantial dainties crown his board;
Nor is October wanting, gen'rous draught,
But in the copious bowl, with toast embrown'd,
And fragrant nutmeg fraught, inspires his soul.
And ye companions of his genial hours,
Draw, draw your social circle round the fire;
Pledge, pledge your neighbour—while from ev'ry pipe
Puff answers puff—and whiff resounds to whiff
So shall the winter evening fleet away
Upon the downy wing of pleasure—if perchance
Or conversation, or tobacco fail
Amusive putt, or swobberastick whist
May then engage you, and their loss supply,
So may the winter of your days roll on
Unceasing source of joys.—While busy crowds
And other scenes demand the poet's lays:
Yet how, alas! shall he who ne'er has trod
The polish'd scenes of life, attempt—vain man!—
In verse, though unharmonious, to describe
The joys which splendid courts and cities give.
O London! mighty queen of cities hail!—to thee
What crowds resort, by threat'ning clouds forwarn'd,
And in thy bosom seek a sure retreat;
Cherish'd by thee, the liberal arts dispense
Their general labours, and their powers combine
To humanize the soul; from hence arise
Joys unallay'd by fear.——
Then too—if harmony informs his soul—
On Braham's warbling notes he'll rap-t'rous dwell,
Or listen, Billington, to thy sweet strain:
The fair assembly shall sometimes engage
His presence—whether the ridotto gay
Invite the fair—or if the masquerade,
In form grotesque, with wit and humour shine.
But stop, my muse, nor hasten, all unskill'd,
Through paths to thee impervious and unknown;
Within this chimney-corner sit secure,
The meanest servant of the tuneful nine.

B.

THE EPITAPH.

The following Lines, as an Epitaph, are wrote by a Sportsman to the Memory of Old Kilbourn who died some time ago; a Character well known among the Jockeys and Grooms at Newmarket. Some Account was given of him in a former Magazine soon after his Death.

WHOE'ER thou art that makes this turf to heave,
Remember Kilbourn's bones lie underneath;

Who

Who many a time Newmarket turf has
trod—
An honest man's the noblest work of
God.
A stranger there, a sportsman now might
say,
"Where's Kilbourn gone, is he reduc'd
to clay?"
Its true he's dead, and that there's no
dispute on,
Without a stone he lies at Water-Newton.

CUTCHACUTCHOO.

WHILE young Roscius in London
astonish'd crowds draws,
And theatres nightly resound his ap-
plause,
Gay Dublin can boast her phenomenon
too—
That unparallel'd actor called *Cutcha-
cutchoo.

Like the little dispenser of British delight,
Our Irish enchanter shines likewise by
night;
What a prospect of pleasure expands to
the view,
When the curtain draws up, displays—
Cutchacutchoo.

Ere the drama commences, this wonderful
thing
Forms of different figures a magical ring;
Which boundary all are forbid to break
through,
Till a signal be given by—Cutchacutchoo.

Each figure sits silent, attentive, and squat,
Like grimalkin, when watching a mouse
or a rat:
Some stroke down their whiskers, their
mouths up some screw,
Nodding, ogling, and winking at—Cut-
chacutchoo.

Now the signal is made—from the magical
ring,
Lo! nimble as frogs, the whole groupe
make a spring—
Topsy turvy they tumble—screams, strug-
gles ensue—
In delightful confusion reigns—Cutcha-
cutchoo.

"Recover your postures!" the manager
cries—
At the word of command, quick the
prostrate group rise—
Their positions resum'd, then he bids
them renew,
With redoubled activity--Cutchacutchoo.

Warm waxes the combat of youth and of
age,
See weakness with strength—weight with
lightness engage;
Loud echoes the clamour—the tapers
burn blue,
And a mystical veil spreads o'er—Cut-
chacutchoo.

See! the dimness encreases—the tapers
go out—
What a chaos of tumult, and darkness,
and doubt!
Wild conjecture alone now can furnish a
clue,
To wind through the mazes of—Cutcha-
cutchoo. HAFIZ.

SONG.

THE sweet rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning
The meadows and fields;
The merry, merry, merry horn
Calls come, come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers
And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical chase,
Where pleasure and vigour,
With health you embrace.

The day's sport, when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night.
Then let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night,
As our sports crown the day.

* A satire lately published upon the fashionable world of Dublin,